

PSYCHE:

With A Smith 1741

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL.

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor
in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1675.

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To the most Illustrious Prince.

J A M E S

Duke of MONMOUTH, &c.

May it please your Grace?



Our Grace has so Nobly Patronized this Undertaking, that I should rob you of your due, if I should not humbly lay this Play at your Feet, since by your great and generous encouragement of it, you have made that and the Author eternally your own. But had I never received any Obligation, by my particular Inclination I am bound to your Grace, since I am the most humble admirer of your Heroick Virtues, who by your early

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and unimitable Example, and by your eminent Command, are the greatest Patron of Arms; and by your Government of the most famous of Universities, are become the greatest Protector of Arts: of that University, which I can never mention without reverence; and from which I have yet another Tie to your Grace, since I had once the honour to be a Member of that Illustrious Society, which though it be the most Learned in the World, can boast of no greater Honour then that of being commanded by so excellent a Prince; one who is equally Valiant against his Enemies, and Courteous to his Friends; whose boundless Courage is always ready to vanquish the one, and whose Princely Generosity is always ready to oblige the other.

I shall not here recite those Heroick Actions, which all *Europe* have celebrated, and none have equall'd: Those are too Great for an Epistle Dedicatory, and onely fit for solid, lasting History; which certainly must do your Grace that right, to Enrol you in the foremost Rank of Fame. Nor can we doubt, but the memory of your Grace's Actions will last, when Time shall have devoured the Places where they were performed: When *Mastrick* shall be a heap of Rubbish, and the name might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembred by the greatest Action in the World, done there by the Greatest and the Earliest Hero, and by one, who for all his fierceness of Courage, has yet that Gentleness to Mankind, that he thinks that day lost, in which he does not oblige. One who is not onely infinitely bless'd in the most excellent Partner
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of his Joys and Cares, happy above measure in the Goods of Mind, the Perfections of Body, and the greatest Splendour and Ornaments of Fortune, but he enjoys all these unenvied ; nay, is not onely free from every mans envy, but has his love.

I should be afraid of this boldness, in once mentioning things so much above my Pen, were I not assured of your Grace's Generosity, that enclines you to pardon, even a well-intended Errour, in your humble Creature, who begs Protection from you, and needs it too.

I have, by my misfortune, not my fault, met with some Enemies, who are always ready to do me the irreparable injury, to blast my Reputation with the King ; and when I have the Honour to please Him, (which is of all things in the World, my greatest Ambition) endeavour to perswade him, that I do not write the Plays I own, or at least, that the best part of them are written for me ; which is so malicious an aspersion, that I am sure they themselves believe it not, and they may as well accuse me of firing the City. I am sure (though I may want Wit to write a Play) I have more honesty then to own what another man writes. But I am not yet so poor as to borrow ; if I should, I should find not many that are rich enough to lend, Wit being much a scarcer Commodity than Money, I am sure with some who have reported this of me ; who what ever they have of one, have scarce enough of the other to supply their own necessities ; and therefore I should be but very slenderly furnished from them.

I can

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I can never enough acknowledge the Honour done me by your incomparable Ditchess, in endeavouring to clear me of this Aspersion: And who would not be proud of being aspersed, to be so vindicated? From this and some other injuries of my Enemies, I humbly beg your Grace's protection, who, I am sure, have Goodness and Greatness enough to defend me against them: And I had rather owe it to your Grace, than to any man: For no man is more than I,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most devoted humble Servant,

THO. SHADWEL.



P R E F A C E.



IN a good natur'd Countrey, I doubt not but this my first Essay in Rhime would be at least forgiven; especially when I promise to offend no more in this kind: But I am sensible, that here I must encounter a great many Difficulties. In the first place (though I expect more Candor from the best Writers in Rhime) the more moderate of them (who have yet a numerous party, good Judges being very scarce) are very much offended with me, for leaving my own Province of Comedy, to invade their Dominion of Rhime: But methinks they might be satisfy'd, since I have made but a small incursion, and am resolv'd to retire. And were I never so powerful, they should escape me, as the Northern People did.

PREFACE.

did the Romans, their craggy barren Territories being not worth the Conqu'ring. The next sort I am to encounter with, are those who are too great admirers of the French Wit, who (if they do not like this Play) will say, the French Psyche is much better; if they do, they will say, I have borrow'd it all from the French. Whether the French be better, I leave to the Men of Wit (who understand both Languages) to determine; I will only say, Here is more variety, and the Scenes of Passion are wrought up with more Art; and this is much more a Play than that. And I will be bold to affirm that this is as much a Play, as could be made upon this Subject. That I have borrow'd it all from the French, can only be the objection of those, who do not know that it is a Fable, written by Apuleus in his Golden As; where you will find most things in this Play, and the French too. For several things concerning the Decoration of the Play, I am oblig'd to the French, and for the Design of two of the only moving Scenes in the French, which I may say, without vanity, are very much improv'd, being wrought up with more Art in this, than in the French Play, without borrowing any of the thoughts from them.

In a thing written in five weeks, as this was, there must needs be many Errors, which I desire true Criticks to pass by; and which perhaps I see my self, but having much business, and indulging my self with some pleasure too, I have not had leisure to mend them, nor would it indeed be worth the pains, since there are so many splendid Objects in the Play, and such variety of Diversion, as will not give the Audience leave to mind the Writing; and I doubt

doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the faults, when he considers, that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines: And that I do not, nor ever did, intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of Ben. Johnson's, then of all the best Plays of this kind that have been, or ever shall be written: Good Comedy requiring much more Wit and Judgement in the Writer, then any Rhyming unnatural Plays can do: This I have so little valu'd, that I have not alter'd six lines in it since it was first written, which, (except the Songs at the Marriage of Psyche in the last Scene) was all done. Sixteen months since. In all the words which are sung, I did not so much take care of the Wit or Fancy of 'em, as the making of 'em proper for Musick; in which I cannot but have some little knowledge, having been bred, for many years of my Youth, to some performance in it.

I chalked out the way to the Composer (in all but the Song of Furies and Devils, in the Fifth Act) having design'd which Line I wou'd have sung by One, which by Two, which by Three, which by four Voices, &c. and what manner of Humour I would have in all the Vocal Musick.

And by his excellent Composition, that long known, able, and approved Master of Musick, Mr. Lock, (Composer to His Majesty, and Organist to the Queen) has done me a great deal of right; though I believe, the unskilful in Musick, will not like the more solemn part of it, as the Musick in the Temple of Apollo, and the Song of the Despairing Lovers, in the Second Act; both which are pro-

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per and admirable in their kinds, and are recommended to the judgement of able Musicians: for those who are not so, there are light and airy things to please them.

All the Instrumental Musick (which is not mingled with the Vocal) was Compos'd by that Great Master, Seignior Gio. Baptista Draghi, Master of the Italian Musick to the King. The Dances were made by the most famous Master of France, Monsieur St. André. The Scenes were Painted by the Ingenious Artist, Mr. Stephenson. In those things that concern the Ornament or Decoration of the Play, the great industry and care of Mr. Betterton ought to be remember'd, at whose desire I wrote upon this Subject.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Had borrow'd something from two Songs of my own, which, till this Play was Printed, I did not know were publick; but I have since found 'em Printed in Collections of Poems, viz. part of the Song of the Despairing Lovers, in the Second Act, and about eight lines in the First Act, beginning at this line, 'Tis frail as an abortive Birth. This I say to clear myself from Thiev'ry, 'tis none to rob my self. The Reader may please to take notice of several Errata's, as,

Page 2. for, Bright Sun exhales, read, gross Earth exhales. p. 6. after, where you shall be adorn'd by me, insert, with all the Treasures of the East and West. p. 15. l. 5. for, upon the Tripod, read, before which stands the Tripod p. 18. before, it Thunders, insert, As the Priestess Pythia is mounting the Tripod. p. 42. read, Great Statues of Gold standing upon Pedestals, with small Figures of Gold sitting at their feet. Several other errors there are, which the sense will help you to correct.

PRO.



Prologue.

AS a young wanton when she first begins,
With shame, and with regret of Conscience sings,
So fares our trembling Poet the first time,
He has committed the lewd sin of Rhime,
While Custom hardens others in the Crime.
It might in him that boldness too beget,
To lay about him without Fear or Wit:
But humbly he your pardon does implore;
Already he repents, and says he'll sin no more.
His bus'ness now is to shew splendid Scenes,
T'interpret 'twixt the Audience and Machines.
You must not here expect exalted Thought,
Nor lofty Verse, nor Scenes with labor wrought:
His Subject's humble, and his Verse is so;
This Theme no thund'ring Raptures would allow,
Nor would he, if he could, that way pursue.
He'd ride unruly Fancy with a Bit,
And keep within the bounds of Sense and Wit,
Those bounds no boisterous Fustian will admit.
And did not gentle Hearers oft dispence
With all the Sacred Rules of Wit and Sense;

Such

Such tearing Lines, as crack the Writers Brain,
And the laborious Actors Lungs o'r-strain,
Won'd, on our Stage, be read as well as seen,
In all true Wit a due proportion found,
To the just Rules of height and distance bound.
Wit, like a Falcon tow'ring in its flight,
When once it soars above its lawful height,
Lessens, till it becomes quite out of sight.
But of such flights there is no danger now;
He would not soar too high, nor creep too low:
Howe'er he hopes you will excuse his haste,
For he this gawdy Trifle wrote so fast;
Five weeks begun and finish'd this design,
In those few hours, he snatch'd from Friends and Wine;
And since in better things he's spent his time,
With which he hopes ere long to atone this Crime.
But he, alas! has several pow'rful Foes,
Who are unjustly so, and yet he knows.
They will, whate'er he writes, though good, oppose.
If he the honour has to please the best,
'Tis not his fault if he offends the rest:
But none of them yet so severe can be,
As to condemn this Trifle more than he.

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P S Y C H E.

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A C T I.

The Scene is a very deep Walk in the midst of a mighty Wood, through which, is seen a Prospect of a very pleasant Countrey.

Enter Psyche and two Ladies.

Psyc. **H**ow charming are these Meads and Groves!
The Scene of Innocence and Artless Loves;
Where Interest no discold moves,
No stormy passions can the mind invade,
No Sacred Trust is violated here.

1 Lad. Man does not here his own kind fear,
Traps are for Wolves and Foxes made,
And Toils for Beasts, not Men, are laid;
Man is not here by Man betray'd.

2 Lad. Here no man's ruine is with baseness sought,
For in this happy place no Court-like Arts are taught.

Psyc. How pleasant is this undisturb'd retreat,
With harmless Joys, and Rural Sports,
Free from tumultuous Cares that trouble Courts,
And all the Factions which disturb the Great.

1 Lad. How vain their gaudy Pomp and Show,
To which the cheated vulgar bow!
Their Splendor and their per'shing Pride,
Their shining Revels, their adult'rate Joys,
When in the midst of all this pomp and noise,

In their unquiet minds still anxious thoughts reside.

1 *Lad.* Their Triumphs are disturb'd with fears,
 Their Joys allay'd with griefs and cares :
 Envy and pride possess each Breast,
 And guilty dreams distract their Rest.

Psyc. From Sleep to dang'rous Arts they 'wake ;
 To undermine each other, all mean ways they take.

Each strives who shall his Monarch lead,
 Though at the price of his own Father's Head :
 Nor care they how much they their Prince misguide,
 To serve their Lust, their Avarice, and Pride.

1 *Lad.* Yet there the Mighty are not prosp'rous long,
 Though ne'r so cunning, ne'r so strong ;
 Though ne'r so much endear'd to th' Crown :
 Fresh Favorites succeed and pull them down.

Psyc. As a black Cloud which the bright Sun exhales,
 Swell'd and oppress'd with its own weight,
 Down to the Earth rent with fierce Lightning falls.

So splendid Fav'rites in their envy'd height,
 Big with the swellings of their Pride and Pow'r
 Do seldom scape the dismal hour,

When by some new-rais'd Meteors torn,
 They from the highest pinnacle of fate,
 Fall to the most dejected state,
 And, from the Idols, of the World become the scorn:
 These troubles in my Father's Court I've seen,
 And ne'r can wish to be a Queen.

1 *Lad.* Cannot so many pow'rful Princes move
Psyche's obdurate heart to Love ?

2 *Lad.* Not one who can a Prince in Greece be call'd,
 Who is not by your Eyes enthrall'd :
 Each Prince great *Psyche* does adore,
 And pity from her heart implore.

1 *Lad.* But you with all their charms unmov'd remain,
 And smile when every Captive shakes his Chain.

Psyc. Not all the Pomp of Courts can e're remove
 Me from the Pleasures of the quiet Grove :

Each pretty Nymph to me her Tribute yields

Of all the fragrant Treasure of the Fields.

Garlands and Wreaths they bring
From the sweet bosom of the Spring.

And with their rural Numbers sing my Praise,
In soft delights passing their quiet days.

Princes in all the Calms of Peace,

Have no such powerful Charms as these:

Shall I for Courts abandon this soft life,

For splendid Beggery, and for smiling strife?

[A Symphony of Recorders and soft Musick!]

What Harmony is this which fills the Air?

And does my Senses charm?

2 *Lad.* Some Entertainment your poor Swains prepare,
Which they each day perform.

Enter Pan with his followers, and sings in Recitative.

Pan } Great Psyche, Goddess of each Field and Grove,
sings. } Whom every Prince and every God does love:

To your all-commanding hand

Pan yields his Sovereign Command:

For you the Satyrs and the Fawns

Shall nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns.

For you the Shepherd's Pipe and Sing,

And with their Nymphs Dance in a Ring:

Fruits shall they bring, and pretty Garlands weave,

And shall the Meads of all their Sweets bereave:

Vertumnus and Flora their Tribute shall pay,

And to Psyche shall dedicate this happy day.

The Sylvans and Dryads shall Dance all around,

And Psyche dread Queen of this place shall be Crown'd.

My Lov'd Syrinx and Eccho shall sing and shall Play,

And to Psyche shall dedicate this happy day.

Chor. And Pan who before all here did command,

Now resigns all his Empire to Psyche's fair hand.

[They all kneel and sing the Chorus.]

While the following Symphony's playing; Pan

Crowns her with a Garland; his Attendants

present her with Fruits, Flowers, &c.

A short *Symphony* of Rustick Musick, representing the Cries and Notes of Birds. Then an Entry Danc'd by Four *Sylvans* and Four *Dryads* to Rustick Musick. At the end of the Dance, the *Dryads*, upon their knees, present *Psyche* with Fruits and Flowers; and the *Sylvans* present her with Wreaths of Lawrel, Myrtle and Cyprus, Then *Exeunt Sylv. and Dryads*. Then a short *Symphony* of Rustick Musick, representing an *Eccho*. The *Dryads* and *Sylvans* presenting their Offerings. [One sings,

1 Voice. Great *Psyche* shall find no such pleasure as here.
Eccho. no such pleasure as here,
as here.

2 Voices. Where her dutiful Subjects shall all stand in awe
Eccho. shall all stand in awe
in awe.

3 Voices. Her Frowns and her Smiles shall give us all Law
Eccho. shall give us all Law
all Law.

4 Voices. And from us of Rebellion she need have no fear
Eccho. she need have no fear.
no fear.

Voices, Flajolets, Violins, Cornets, Sackbuts,
Hoar-boys: all joyn in Chorus.

[Here the Singers mingle with the Dancers,

Chor. How happy are those that inhabit this place,
Where a sigh is ne'r heard, where no falshood we meet,
Where each single heart agrees with the face,
No Climate was ever so calm and so sweet.

Eccho. was ever so calm and so sweet.
so calm and so sweet,
so sweet.

1 Voice. To beauteous *Psyche* all Devotion is due,
Eccho. all Devotion is due,
is due.

2 Voices.

2 Voices. *Our humble Offerings she will not despise*
 Eccho. *she will not despise,*

3 Voices, *Since the Tribute is offer'd from hearts that are true*
 Echo. *from hearts that are true*

4 Voices. *From hearts all devoted to Psyche's bright Eyes*
 Eccho. *to Psyche's bright Eyes,*

Chor. *How happy are those, &c.* [They Dance.

Psyc. Oh happy Solitude! Oh sweet Retreat!
 Free from the noise and troubles of the Great!
 Not all the wealth of all the world shall charm
 Me from this calm retirement here,
 Where I enjoy all pleasure, know no fear,
 No Joy can here surprize, nor Danger can alarm.

*Enter four Women, personating Ambition, Power,
 Plenty and Peace.*

What new unwelcom Guests are these,
 That wou'd invade my Peace?

Amb. We come t'invite you from your vicious ease,
 To Courts, where glorious Actions are perform'd;
 Leave lazy Groves, for active Palaces,
 Where you by great *Ambition* may be warm'd;
 By me to noble thoughts may be inflam'd;
 To think of Ruling Kings, not silly Swains,
 Each day your Beauty a new Captive gains,
 And in all Courts no other Beauty's nam'd.

Power. I from your Solitude do you invite,
 And I am she for whom all Monarchs fight,

Power, Mankind's supreme delight.
 Fair *Psyc* to the Court, come follow me,
 Numbers of Tributary Kings shall kneel to thee.
 What e're can be within the prospect of thy Thoughts,
 Shall instantly to thee by humble Slaves be brought.

Plenty. *Psyc*, this lonely Desert quit,

The

The Scene of homeliness and poverty:
 A splendid Palace does your State besit,
 Where you shall be adorn'd by me,
 Thy life shall be but one continu'd Feast,
 And every Prince shall be thy Guest:
 All delicacies I'll find for thy content,
 Which Luxury, inspir'd by Wit, can e'er invent.
Peace. And I to Crown all these,
 Will give you everlasting Peace;
 Peace that no Fiends shall ever harm,
 Nor the mad tumults of Mankind allarm:
 My Olive still shall flourish where you are,
 For Peace should always wait upon the fair.

Psyc. Happy are they who know Ambition least.
 I'm only safe and quiet, while my breast
 Is not with base ambitious thoughts oppress'd,
 Too turbulent to let poor mortals rest.

O'r all my Tyrant Passions Pow'r I have,
 And scorn that Pow'r which can but rule a Slave.

The use of might Riches is but small;
 Besides I, nothing coveting, have all.

Peace, with such vain Companions never dwells,
 She's only safe in humble Groves and Cells.

Envy with six Furies arises at which Ambition, Power,
 Plenty and Peace run away affrighted.

Lad. What dreadful Vision does distract our sight!
 Do not these Fiends your mighty mind surprise?

Psyc. Their ugly shapes bring wonder to my eyes,
 But nothing can my constant mind affright.

Envy sings. Envy 'gainst Psyche such black storms shall raise;
 As all her pow'rful beams shall ne'r dispel:
 Beyond her strength shall be her suffering;
 Her to the greatest misery I'll bring,
 And e're I've done, I'll send her down to Hell.
1 Fury. In Hell, too late she shall relent,
 And all her arrogance repent.
2 Fury. We Furies will torment your Soul,
 And you shall weep and howl.
1 Fury. And at the sight of ev'ry Snake.
 Tremble and quake.
2 Fury. There you shall mourn eternally,
 And to the quick shall feel each lash we give:
1 Fury. There you shall always wish to dye,
 And yet in spite of you shall always live.
Chor. of all. There you shall always, &c.
 [Envy and Furies sink.]

2 Lad. What horrid words are these we hear?
 I am almost dissolv'd with Fear:
 Can Envy this sweet dwelling find?
1 Lad. Envy the greatest Bane to all Mankind!
 What dreadful Fate does she foretel?
 What Prophecie is this?
 The gods will sure do much amiss,
 Should they permit you to be snatch'd to Hell.
Psyc. Fate! do thy worst, thou ne'r shalt trouble me.
 The Innocent within themselves are free:
Envy, I can be valiant against thee.

Enter Prince Nicander.

2 Lad. But see the Prince Nicander does appear!
 Industrious Love pursues you every where.
Nican. Madam, I to this Solitude am come,
 Humbly from you to hear my latest doom.
Psyc. The first Command which I did give,
 Was, that you should not see me here:
 Tho-

The next Command you will receive,
Much harsher will to you appear.

Nican. How long, fair *Pssyche*, shall I sigh in vain?
How long, of scorn and cruelty complain?

Your eyes enough have wounded me,
You need not add your cruelty.

You against me too many weapons chuse,
Who am defenceless against each you use;

Pssyche. Shall no conceal'd retirement keep me free
From Loves vexatious importunity?

I in my Father's Court too long endur'd
The ill which I by absence thought I have cur'd?

Nican. Planets, that cause our Fates, cannot be long obscur'd,
Though Comets vanish from our sense,

When they've dispers'd their fatal influence
And nothing but the sad effects remain,
Yet Stars that govern us, wou'd hide themselves in vain.
The momentary Clouds must soon be past.

Which wou'd their brightness overcast.

Pssyche. Why should *Nican* thus pursue in vain
Her, o'r whose mind he can no Conquest gain:
For though my Body thus abroad you see,
My Mind shall stay within and keep its privacy.

Nican. Blame not the passion you your self create,
Which is to me resistless as my Fate:

Can *Pssyche* own such cruelties,
As vainly Priests impute to Deities?
To punish the Affections they inspire,
As if they'd kindle to put out a fire.
If from the Gods we any gifts receive,
Our Appetites of Nature they must give.
Let Priests for Self-denial then contend,
If we 'gainst Nature go, we Heav'n offend;
Who made that Nature to pursue its end.
Natures desire's Heav'n's known prescriptions are,
Of greater certainty than others far:
Priests Inspirations may but Dreams be found,
Th' effects of Vapors or of Spleens unsound:

But

But Nature cannot err in her own way,
And though Priests may, she cannot lead astray.

Psyc. Nature the Gods first uncorrupted made,
But to corruption 'twas by Man betray'd;
Which when so much exorbitant they found,
What first they had made free, they justly bound.

Nican. If Nature be not what the Gods first meant,
Then pow'rful Man defeated Heavens intent.
If the Gods Engine of the World must be
Mended by them, how did they then foresee?
Must Men, like Clocks, be alter'd to go right?
Or though wound up by Nature, must stand still?
Must we against our own affections fight,
And quite against the Bias bend the will?

Psyc. Against your self y'have pleaded all this time;
If not to follow Nature be a crime,
Mine so averse to Love by Heav'n is made,
She above all by me shall be obey'd.

Enter Polynices.

Nican. Nature incites all humane kind to loves;
Who deny that, unnatural must prove.
How, *Polynices*, my great Rival here!
This is the only way I him can fear:
His Arms are far less dreadful then his Love.

Psyc. Sir, what could your injurious kindness move,
Thus to disturb the quiet of my life?
In vain, great Princes, is your am'rous strife.

Polyn. If I were singular, you might think me rude:
But I can many dang'rous Rivals find.
A violent passion makes me thus intrude.
Be but to me as you're to others, kind;
Let not my death alone be here design'd.

Too fatal was the first surprise
I suffer'd by your conqu'ring Eyes:
Your pow'rful Charms no Mortal can resist,
I in an instant lov'd, and never can desist.

Nican. Such violent and sudden love
Perhaps must soon remove:
'Tis frail as an abortive Birth,
And as it soon approach'd, it soon may fly
As when too early flowers come forth,
From the first moment of their birth they dye.
Mine by degrees did to perfection grow,
And is too strong to be resisted now.

Polyn. That which I have for that illustrious face,
Is Sympathy, not lazy Love,
The Steel the Loadstone does as soon embrace,
And of it self will ne'r remove.

Nican. The Steel you speak of may be snatch'd from thence
With very little violence.

Polyn. Who shall commit that violence on me?

Nican. He who before has conquer'd thee:
Thou didst my Empire, dost my Love invade?
My Love shall be my onely aid.

And I again thy Conqueror can be.

Polyn. I was by Fortune then betray'd,
But now by Love am much more pow'rful made:
Oh, that the way for *Psyche* to be won,
Vere for me to possess thy Throne,
I wou'd believe't already done!

And when with ease I'ad triumph'd o'r thee,
Thou on thy knees should'st beg her Love for me.

Nican. Did not her Sacred Prefence guard thy life,
This fatal place should soon decide our strife:

I on thy conquer'd Neck would tread,
And make thee forfeit soon thy useless head.

I'd put an end now to your Love and you:
And when, perhaps, I'd nothing else to do,
I might vouchsafe to take your petty Kingdom too.

Polyn. Should my death soon ensue,
Which never can be caus'd by you,
It might to you some bold presumptions give,
You dare not think such thoughts while yet I live.

(II)

For what thou hast already said,
Shouldst thou escape me with thy head,

Yet I will soon depopulate thy Land,
And leave thee none but Beasts for thy command;
Or may be, If thou fall'st into my hand,
I openly will thee in triumph lead:
Thy Cities into Desarts I will turn,
And thou in Chains shalt tamely see'em burn.

Nican. Gods —

Psyc. Princes, let your untimely discord cease,
If my esteem you'd gain, conclude a peace.
Each to the other must become a friend:

Though Rivals, yet you must agree;
You but for something in the Clouds contend,
If thus you think to conquer me.

Polyn. So absolute is your command,
That I my Rival will embrace;
Your will no Lover can withstand.

I can do any thing but give my Rival place.

Nican. Your Voice may still the fury of the Winds,
Or calm the most distemper'd minds:
Wild Beasts at your command in peace would be,
When you make Rivals thus agree.

[*They embrace:*

● *Psyc.* In e'r can value Birth or State,
'Tis virtue must my heart obtain:
You may each other emulate
In glorious actions; but must quit all hate,
Ere either of you my esteem can gain.

The next command I give, must be,
Not to invade my privacy.

Princes, farewell, you must not follow me.

Nican. So sacred are the dread commands you give,
From you my death I humbly wou'd receive.

For I can scarce hear this and live.

Polyn. Your breath mens minds to any thing may move,
When you make Rivals one another love.

[*Exit Psyche:*

But

But see! her envious Sisters do appear;
Whose anger less than love we fear.

*As they are going off in haste;
Enter Cidippe and Aglaura*

Cid. Great Princes, whither do you fly so fast?

Aglau. 'Tis to their Idol *Psyche* by their haste.

Cid. What Prince-like virtue can you find
In her poor and groveling mind?

Aglau. Heav'n did her Soul for Cottages create,
And for some vulgar purpose did design:
Her mind's too narrow for a Prince's state,
She has no virtues which in Courts may shine.

Cidip. Her beauty like her mind is vulgar too.
Like the dull off-spring of some Village-Pair,
She might perhaps some Shepherds heart subdue,
But should, poor Thing, of Princes looks despair.

Aglau. A thousand times more charms they here might find,
Beauty, that's fit to attract great Princes eyes.
But silly Love, forsooth, hath struck them blind;
For could they see, they would their Love despise.

Nican. Farewell-----Such blasphemies we must not hear
Against the Goddesses we adore.

Poly. So beautiful to us she does appear,
That none shall ever charm us more.

[Exeunt Nicander & Polynices.]

Cidip. Blasted be her Beauty, and her charms accurst,
That must our ruin bring;
I am almost with Envy burst.

To see each day she can command a King.

Aglau. And whilst she lives, we can no Lovers have:
Oh that her Cradle had become her Grave!

Cid. She by each Prince is Idoliz'd,
Whilst our neglected Beauties may grow old,
And not be sought by them she has despis'd.

Aglau. Oh that I live to hear this story told.

This Theme has made my anger bold.
I on her Beauty will revenge our Cause.

We

We are not safe whilst breath she draws.
Her Example of Revenge I'll make.

Cidip. Must we be thus neglected for her sake?
Venus! redress the wrongs which she hath done:

She may in time insnare your Son.
She such an Idol by Mankind is made.

Your pow'r no more will be obey'd,
Your Sacred beauty they'll neglect,
Your Deity will have no more respect.

Aglau. No Incense more will on your Altars smoke,
No Victims more will burn,
Each Prince her Worshipper will turn.

Let this your great Divinity provoke;
Revenge your self, and take our part.
Punish her stubborn heart,

And by your utmost fury let her smart.

[A Symphony of soft Musick.]

Cidip. What Divine Harmony is this we hear!
Such never yet approach'd my Ear!

[Venus descends in her Chariot, drawn with Doves.]

Aglau. See *Venus* Chariot hovering in the Air;
The Goddess sure has heard our pray'r.

Venus sings. With kindness I your pray'rs receive,
And to your hopes success will give.
I have with anger seen Mankind adore
Your Sister's beauty, and her scorn deplore.
Which they shall do no more.

For their Idolatry I'll soresent,
As shall your wishes to the full content.

Your Father is with *Psyche* now,
And to *Apollo's* Oracle they'll go.

Her destiny to know.
I by the God of Wit shall be obey'd,
For Wit to beauty still is subject made.

He'll soresent your cause and mine,
That you will not repine,
But will applaud the Oracle's Design.

Cydis.

Great Goddess, we our thanks return,
We after this no more shall mourn.

Aglau. Your sacred Pow'r for ever we'll obey,
And to your Altars our whole Worship pay.

[Venus ascends with soft Musick.

[Enter Theander with his Followers, and Psyche
with two Ladies.

Thean. Daughters, no more you shall contend,
This happy day your strife shall end:

The Oracle shall ease you of your care;
We to the Temple will repair,
And Psyche will obey,
Whate're the Delphick God shall say.

And-----

Whate're Apollo shall command, shall be,
I swear by all the Gods, perform'd by me.

Psyc. And on my knees I make this solemn vow,
To his Decree I will devoutly bow.

Let his commands be what they will,
I chearfully will them fulfil.

Thean. Let's to Apollo's Temple then repair,
And seek the God with Sacrifice and Pray'r.

unt omnes.

ACT.

A C T II.

The Scene is the Temple of Apollo Delphicus, with Columns of the Dorick Order, enrich'd with Gold, in the middle a stately Cupulo, on the top of it the Figure of the Sun; some distance before it an Altar lin'd with Brass; under it a large Image of Apollo upon the Tripod.

Enter in a Solemn Procession, the Chief Priest crown'd with Lawrel in a white Vestment, over that a Purple Gown, over that a Cope embroidered with Gold, over all a Lamb-skin Hood with the Wool on: He has four Boys attending, two before, two behind, clad in Surplices, and girt with Girdles of Gold; the first carrying a golden Censor with Myrrhe, Frankincense, and sweet Gums, &c. The Second a Barley Cake, or Barley Meal, with Salt, upon a golden Service. The third a golden Cruise, full of Honey and Water. The fourth a large gilt Book embossed with Gold. After them six Priests, with Books of Hymns, clad in Surplices and embroider'd Copes. Then Men with Wind-Instruments, clad in Surplices, all crown'd with Wreathes of Lawrel. After them Nicander, Cedippe, Polinices, Aglaura, Theander, Psyche. Then a Train of Ladies. All the Women with their faces cover'd with white Veils. After all Theander's Attendants and Guards in their Procession. This following Hymn is sung in Chorus.

Chor. **L**et's to Apollo's Altar now repair,
And offer up our vows and Pray'r;
Let us enquire fair Psyche's destiny.

Repeat. } The Gods to her will sure propitious be,
 } If Innocence and Beauty may go free.

Ch.P. Go on, and to the Altar lead.

Chief Priest turns to the People, and sings on.
This hollow'd ground let no one tread;
Who is defil'd with Whoredom, or with Blood,

Left

lest all our Pray'rs should be for them withstood.
 Let none be present at our Sacrifice,
 But of an humble uncorrupted mind.
 The God for wicked men will all our vows despise.
 And will to all our wishes be unkind.

[By this time they come near the Altar, they all bow,
 and divide, and stand on each side of the Altar, and
 the Chief Priest before. The Chief Priest kneels
 and kisses the Altar. The Priest and Boys kneel
 with him; they rise, and he, holding the Altar in
 his hands, sings alone, as follows.

Ch. Pr. Son of Latona and great Jove,
 In Delos born, which thou so much dost love:
 Great God of Physick and of Archery,
 Of wisdom, Wit, and Harmony;
 God of all Divinations too.

Chor. of Voices } To thee our vows and Pray'rs are due.
 and Instrum. } To thee our, &c.

[Chief Priest kneels, kisses the Altar,
 then rises and sings.

Ch. Pr. Thou gav'st the cruel Serpent Python death,
 Depriv'dst the Giant Tyron of his breath:
 Thou didst the monstrous Cyclops too destroy,
 Who form'd the Thunder, which did kill thy Son.

Chor. Thou light of all our life, and all our joy,
 Our Offerings with our hearts are all thine own.

[Chief Priest kneels, and kisses
 the Altar again.

Ch. Pr. By sacred Hyacinth, thy much lov'd Flower,
 By Daphne's memory we thee implore,
 Thou wou'dst be present at our Sacrifice,
 And not our humble Offerings despise.

Chorus of } And we for ever will thy praise advance.
 Voices and } Thou Author of all Light and Heat.
 Instrum. } Let Pipes and Timbrels sound, and let them dance.

Each

*Each day our worship we'll repeat,
Each day, &c.*

[A Dance of Priests entering from
each side of the Stage, with
Cymbals, Bells, and Flambeaux.

*After the Dance, they all kneel, and the Chief Priest begins with a
loud voice; All answer as follows.*

Ch. Pr. Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Saturn, Cibeles.

Resp. Be propitious to our vows and prayers.

Ch. Pr. Mars, Bellona, Venus, Cupido, Vulcanus.

Resp. Be propitious, &c.

*Ch. Pr. Bacchus, Pan, Neptunus, Sylvanus, Faunus, Vertumnus,
Palamon.*

Resp. Be propitious, &c.

Ch. Pr. All ye Gods, Goddesses, and all the Powers.

Resp. Be propitious, &c.

*They rise: The Chief Priest turns to the left hand, and runs, or
dances about the Altar, Priests and Boys following him, all the In-
struments sounding. They sing as follows:*

Chor. To Apollo our Celestial King,

We will Io Pæan sing;

Io Pæan, Io Pæan,

Io Pæan will we sing:

*The Dancers
mingle with
the Singers.*

*The Chief Priest kneels at the Altar. The Boys stand about him.
The Priest take the Libamina from the Boys, after a little pause.
One Priest rises and waves a wand. Then all fall on their
knees.*

1. Pr. Favete linguis, favete linguis, favete linguis.

2. Pr. (rises, waves a wand) Hoc agite, hoc agite, hoc agite.

Ch. Pr. rises, and turns to the people,

Ch. Pr. (with a loud voice) Τ'ΙΣ Τ'Η ΔΕ.

Response of all,

*ΠΟΛΛΟΙ Κ' ΑΓΑΘΟΙ.
D Chief*

Chief Priest turns and kneels at the Altar again. The Boys run out and fetch, one a Flambeaux, the other little Fagots of Cedar, Juniper, &c. The Priest rises and lays them on the Altar. All but the Chief Priest and Boys are kneeling, intent upon the Altar, without speech or motion. As soon as the fire is kindled, which the Priest does himself with the Flambeau.

Ch. Pr. (with a loud voice) Behold the Fire.

All but the Chief Priest fall flat on their faces, then rise again. The Boys reach the Libamina to the Chief Priest: 1. The Censor, with Gums, which he offers. 2. The Barley Cake, which he strews with salt, then lays it on the Fire. Then sprinkles the Honey and Water on the Fire. Chief Priest waves his wand to Theander and Psyche, who draw near, and kneel just behind.

Ch. Pr. Now ask the God the thing for which you came,
And after that we'll sacrifice a Ram.

Thean. That we may know, we humbly pray,
Who shall Psyche's Husband be.

She will most cheerfully obey
Her Destiny, and your Decree.

It Thunders and Lightens extremely. Apollo's Image trembles, at which they all rise affrighted.

Ch. Pr. O Heaven! what prodigy is this?
Something is in our holy Rites amiss.

It Thunders and Lightens again, the Image trembling, and in convulsions, with a very loud and hollow voice utters these following Lines.

Apollo. **Y**OU must conduct her to that fatal place,
Where miserable Lovers, that despair,
With howls and Lamentations fill the air;
A Husband there your Daughter shall embrace.
On *Venus* Rock upon the Sea,
She must by you deserted be:
A poy'sonous Serpent there She'll find,
By Heav'n he *Psyche's* Husband is design'd.
[At this they all start, affrighted.]

Thean. Gods! that I e'r should live to see this day.
'Tis for some great offence
Of mine, that thou art to be snatch'd from hence.
Oh take my life, and let her stay.
But 'tis in vain to ask, we must obey:
For which I'll weep my hated life away.

Cydip. Venus has kept her word, and she shall be
Much more ador'd by me,
Then any other Deity.

Aglau. Now my fair Sister must a Serpent have,
'Stead of a Nuptial Bed, a Grave.
Now she shall suffer for her pride;
Our Love and Hate will now be satisfi'd.

Psyc. To whatsoe'r the Oracle thinks fit,
I cheerfully submit:

I have not liv'd so ill, but I
With ease can die:

I with a willing heart
Can with my life as with a trifle part:
As no joy yet could ever fill my mind,
I from no danger can distraction find.

Thean. Lead on ; and with a funeral pace,
For I in that unhappy place
Must bury all my joy, and leave my life behind.

Nican. Stay but a moment, stay ;
You will not sure this Oracle obey.

Consider and be wise :
If it be good *Psyche* to sacrifice,
You were oblig'd to't without this command,
And we the action should not then withstand.

Polyn. If bad, then Heav'n it self can't make it good ;
All good and ill's already understood.
Heav'n has forbid the shedding guiltless bloud.
If good and ill anew it has design'd,
The Gods are mutable, and change their mind.

Nican. Be not by this Imposture, Sir, betray'd
By this dull Idol which the Priests have made :
Too many Cheats are in the Temple found,
Their fraud does more then piety abound :
They make the senseless Image speak with ease

What e'r themselves shall please.

Ch. Pr. Do not the sacred Image thus profane,
Which will revenge it self, and all its Rites maintain.

Polyn. If that be sacred, and you that adore,
Then him that made it you should worship more :
To th' poor Mechanick you give no respect,
Y' adore his VVorkmanship, but him neglect.

Nican. For Sacred you impose what you decree,
And the deluded Multitude believe,
By boasting of Infallibility,
Th' unthinking Rabble you with ease deceive.

Pol. VVhatever in Divinity you know,
In all concernments of Mankind below :

In all the objects of the Mind,
And in all humane Science we can find,
In Priests more Errors then in all Mankind.

Nican. In Sacred Things yet you so much excel
All others, in your Sleeps you can foretell ;

VVhen

When after surfeits in your holy Feasts
 You sleep in skins of sacrificed Beasts,
 The troubled Dreams you from those fumes receive,
 To the unheedful world for Oracles you give.

Thean. In holy Mysteries you must lay by
 Your intricate Philosophy.

After the dreadful Cloud with Thunder broke,
 It was some loud-immortal voice that spoke.

Ch. Pr. The holy Rites you saw perform'd,
 By Miracles were now confirm'd.

Nican. Miracles !

Your holy Cheats t'advance your Mystery :
 The noblest Science is Divinity.

But when become a Trade, I see, 'twill be
 Like other Trades, maintain'd by Knavery.

Ch. Pr. By Miracles the pow'r of Heav'n is known.

Polyn. Heav'n's power is more by setl'd order shown.
 The beauty of that order which is found,
 To govern the Creation in a round,
 The fix'd uninterrupted Chain, whereby
 All things on one another must depend;
 This method proves a wise Divinity,
 As much as should the Gods on earth descend.

Ch. Pr. You speak from Nature, which is ignorance;
 But we to inspiration must advance.

Nican. If, Priest, by Means not nat'ral Heav'n declares
 Its will, and our obedience so prepares;
 The Gods by this their weakness wou'd confess,
 VVhat you call Miracles wou'd make them less.
 If something without Nature they produce,
 Nature is then defective to their use :
 And when by that they cannot work their end,
 By Miracle their Instrument they mend.

Polyn. If this be granted, Priest, by this we find,
 The Gods foresee not, or else change their mind:
 But Heav'n does nothing to our sense produce,
 But it does outward Nat'ral Causes use.

Fools trust in Miracles, and fools ne'r doubt:
'Tis ignorance of Causes, Priest, makes fools devout.

[Thunders again.]

Ch. Pr.

Be gone, profane and wicked men,
You have provok'd Heav'n's wrath again:

Heav'n does again to you in Thunder speak!

Nican. 'Twas nothing but a petty cloud did break;
What, can your Priesthoods grave Philosophy
So much amaz'd at common Thunder be?

Psyc. We should obey without these prodigies;
I to Heav'n's Will my own will sacrifice.

Cidip. Must I then with my much lov'd Sister part;

Aglau. The dismal loss will break my tender heart.

Thean. Joy of my life, let's to the fatal place,
Where thine and all my sorrow is design'd:
When thee the poisonous Serpent shall embrace,
Assure thy self I'll not stay long behind.

Polyn. Thus the great *Agamemnon* was betray'd,
And *Iphigenia* thus a Victim made:
Such horrid ills Religion can perswade.

[Exeunt omnes]

The Scene changes to a Rocky Desert full of dreadful
Caves, Cliffs, and Precipices, with a high Rock
looking down into the Sea.

Enter two despairing Lovers:

1. *Low.* Ah what a dreadful Rocky Desert's this,
The Melancholly Region of despair:
Where e'r I turn me, poisonous Serpents hiss,
And with their venomous breaths infect the Air!

2. *Low.* Here pestilential vapours do abound,
And killing Damps the Vaults and Caverns breath;
From dreadful gapings of the craggy ground,
The fatal Desert seems to yawn forth death.

1. *Low.*

1. *Lov.* A gloomy darkness hovers o'r this place;
Here sure the Sun ne'r shews his joyful face.
Nature this place for horreur did design:

No beam of comfort here can shine:

2. *Lov.* Nothing but howls of sad despair,
And dismal groans of Wretches fill the Air.
Who in Agonies their hated lives resign.

1. *Lov.* How many various ways to death we have:
Some from that Rock have plung'd into the Deep;
And in the Sea we saw 'em find a grave.

2. *Lov.* Some by their Ponyards meet deaths easie sleep:
Some desp'rate Lovers find out death,
By wilful stopping their own breath.

1. *Lov.* Nature this place did for my grief intend.

2. *Lov.* And here my fatal life and love shall end.

1. *Lov.* *Psyche* is hither by *Apollo* sent,
Here to fulfil the Oracles intent.

Two despairing Men and two despairing Women
sing as follows.

1. *Man.* **B**reak, break distracted heart, there is no cure
For Love, my minds too raging Calenture.

1. *VVom.* Sighs which in other passions vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the bellows to my hot desire.

2. *VVom.* And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire;

2. *Man.* Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give my passion a relief.

1. *Man.* Love is not like our earthly fire;
You soon may smother out that flame;
Concealing does increase desire,
No opposition Love can tame.

2. *VVom.* Despair in Love transcends all pain,
Lost hope will ne'r return again.

1. *VVom.* In Hell there's no such misery,
As now oppresses me.

Is this

*I this one pang alone
Wou'd change for Sisyphus his Stone.*

2. Man. *I would the torments which I feel
Change for Ixion's Wheel.*

2. Wom. *The Vulture should on me for ever feed,
Rather then thus my heart for Love should bleed.*

1. Man. *Oh Tantalus ! for thy eternal Thirst;
I'm more on Earth then thou in Hell accurst.*

1. Wom. *Was ever grief like mine ?*

2. Wom. *Like mine ?*

1. Man. *Like mine ?*

2. Man. *Like mine ?*

Cho- } *Was ever grief like mine ?*
rus. } *Was ever, &c.*

2. V Vom. *Nothing but death can cure our misery:*

1. V Vom. *I'll die.*

1. Man. *I'll die.*

2. Man. *I'll die.*

Cho- } *Nothing but death can cure our misery.*
rus. } *Nothing but, &c.*

1. Man speaks. *How long shall I for this dull Serpent stay,
Ere I become his prey ?*

*Come forth from out thy pois'nous Den:
Dost thou despise the flesh of men ?*

2. Man. *The lazy Serpent breakfasted to day;
I will not for his waking stomach stay:
I'll b' Author of my fate, and make my self away.*

[Falls on his sword.

1. Wom. *Your Sex no more in courage shall excel,
For I can die as well.*

*I in this Dagger my Relief will find,
And kill my body thus to eas my mind.*

[Kills her self.

1. Man. *I to the top of all the Rock will climb;
And if in little time
The Serpent there I cannot see,
I'll find a way to follow thee.*

2. Wom. *My heart that office will perform for me.*

A death-

(25)

A death-like pang I feel,
I have no need of steel.

A faint cold sweat besmears my face,
I can make hast and dye apace.
And these are the last words I e're shall speak,
Farewell my cruel Love, for thee my heart does break.

[She dies.]

Then he on the top of the Rock falls headlong into the Sea.

*Enter Theander, Psyche, Cidippe, Aglaura, Psyche's
two Women, and other Attendants, in Funeral
habits, weeping; then the Guards.*

Psyc. Oh stop those Royal Fountains, tears are things
Which ill become the Majesty of Kings.

Thean. But they become a Father, who must lose
The onely comfort of his fading life;
Who barbarously must his Child expose,
By Heavens command, to be a Serpents Wife.

Psyc. That dread command I'm ready to obey,
I beg you will no longer stay.
Deaths cold embraces I will court;
I can my fate, but not your tears support.

Thean. Ye Gods, why did ye ever bless
Me with this gift, to snatch it back again?
My burden's greater then I can sustain!

Psyc. I never could deserve such tenderness;
Nay, good Sir, dry your eyes, my heart will break;
To bear your grief, I am too weak.

Thean. Oh that I'd never seen thy much-lov'd face,
And that thou'dst perish'd in the womb:
I had not led thee to this fatal place,
Thy Father had not brought thee living to the Tomb.

Psyc. Your sad complaints so soften me,
My heart will melt to that degree,
That I shall have none left when death I see.

Thean. Heav'n! what could thus your cruelty provoke?
Your Altars, by my bounry, daily smoke,

E

With

With Fat, with Incense, and with Gums :
Nor have you wanted *Hecatombs*.
And must I thus rewarded be ?

Cidip. See how the Dotard weeps, while we
Rejoyce at this her Destiny:

Oh how it wou'd my envy feed,
Could my glad eyes behold her bleed !

Aglau. O good dear Serpent, make her sure,
Her death, our grief can only cure.

Oh that she were at my command,
And that her heart were throbbing in my hand.

Some miracle may else relieve
Her from this death, and we afresh may grieve.

Psyc. Good Sir, be gone, the will of Heav'n obey
Besides, if you should longer stay,
Before the Serpent comes, my life will steal away,
Weigh not your loss, but what you have remain ;
You have the comfort of my Sisters left,

Who will your drooping Age sustain,
When y'are of me bereft.

Sisters, be good, and to my Father give
All comfort, and his grief relieve ;
He, from you Two, much pleasure may receive:

Cid. Our grief as much as his relief will need.

Oh that I might with *Psyche* bleed :

Did not the Gods self-murder hate,

I wou'd accompany your Fate.

Aglau. Oh that the Gods would suffer me
To be exchang'd for thee !

Psyc. Sisters, farewell, pray dry your eyes ;
I am for you a Sacrifice.

{ Kisses her
Sisters.

You may your choice of many Princes have,
When I am cold, forgotten in my Grave.

Thean. Gods ! can I yet hear this and live ?
Oh take my life, or me my *Psyche* give.

Psyc.

Sir, if you longer stay,
You'll cause my death, not they.

I on my knees beseech you quit
This fatal place, and to Heaven's will submit.

Farewel: 'tis time,
I now the Rock my fatal Tomb must climb.

Farewel for ever---
Thean. Say not so,
For I to death will go
My Soul to morrow shall meet thine below.

[*Exeunt all but Psyche*]

Psyche sola. Even now grim death I slightly did esteem,
With the wrong end o'th' Glass I look'd on him;
Then afar off and little he did seem:

Now my Perspective draws him near,
He very big and ugly does appear.
Away --- it is the base false Glass of fear.

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

Why do you come to see me wretched here?
What can you hope from her whose death's so near?

Polyn. To save your life, our lives we will expose.

Psyc. Can mortal men the heav'nly pow'rs oppose?

Nican. What Heav'n commands is surely good.
Heav'n has declar'd 'gainst shedding humane blood.
Bores, Rams and Bulls will serve *Apollo's* turn,
Whilst Gums and Incense on his Altars burn,
'Tis to the Priests that you are sacrific'd.

Psyc. I must not hear the Oracle despis'd.

Nican. In vain, 'gainst prejudice we still dispute:
Our Swords shall this great Oracle confute.
No Serpent whilst we live shall you embrace,
Nor any other Rival in this place.

Psyc. He carries deadly venom in his breath,
Which certainly will give you death.

Polyn. *Cadmus*, without Love's aid, the Dragon slew;
Inspir'd by Love, what cannot Princes do?

Psyc. Why for my preservation shou'd you strive?
 For neither my affection e'r cou'd move,
 Though Heav'n for that wou'd suffer me to live:
 No Prince on earth cou'd ever make me love.

Nican. 'Tis time we both of us shou'd dye,
 Since we from you no pity can deserve.

Yet _____

Had we no love for generosity
 Spight of your self we wou'd your life preserve.

Polyn. You have made Rivals thus agree,
 Though cou'd you love, but one cou'd happy be.
 Each will assist the other, and you'll see,
 In spight of Oracles we'll set you free.

Psyc. Farewell: I must not hear this blasphemy.

Nican. We cannot leave you till you dye,
 No Oracle shall that deny.

*[The Earth opens, infernal Spirits
 rise and hurry the Prince away.
 Two Zephiri descend and take
 Psyche by each arm and fly into
 the Clouds with her.]*

Cupid descends a little way hanging in the Air.

Cup. Be gone, you Rivals of an angry Deity:
 Shall I by insolent Princes rival'd be?
 Shall Mortals for my *Psyche* strive with me?

Vulcan make hast prepare
 My costly Palace for my fair;
 In that splendid place

My Love, my Dear, my *Psyche* will embrace.

[He flies away.]

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

Nican. By what Enchantment were we hurri'd hence?

Psyche is gone. Let's use all diligence

Soont to prevent her fate,
 Or we shall come too late.

Polyn. We will our much-lov'd *Psyche* find.
 Or we will leave our hated lives behind.

[Exeunt.]
 A C T

ACT III

The Scene is the Palace of Cupid, Compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the Corinthian Order; the Wreathing is adorn'd with Roses, and the Columns have several little Cupids flying about 'em, and a single Cupid standing upon every Capital. At a good distance are seen three Arches, which divide the first Court from the other part of the Building: The middle Arch is noble and high, beautified with Cupids and Festoons, and supported with Columns of the foresaid Order. Through these Arches is seen another Court, that leads to the main Building, which is at a mighty distance. All the Cupids, Capitals and Inrichments of the whole Palace are of Gold. Here the Cyclops are at work at a Forge, forging great Vases of Silver. The Musick strikes up, they dance, hammering the Vases upon Anvils.

After the Dance, Enter Vulcan

Vulcan sings **Y**E bold Sons of Earth, that attend upon Fire,
Make haste with the Palace, lest Cupid should stay;
You must not be lazy when Love does require,
For Love is impatient, and brooks no delay.
When Cupid you serve, you must toil and must sweat,
Redouble your blows, and your labour repeat.

*The vigorous young God's not with laziness serv'd,
He makes all his Vassals their diligence show,*

And

*And nothing from him but with pains is deserv'd;
The brisk Touth that falls on, and still follows his blow,
Is his favourite still. The considerate Fool,
He as useless lays by for a pitiful Tool.*

1. Cycl. *This Palace is finish'd, and the other shall be
Made fit for his small Deity.*

2. Cycl. *But fire makes us cholerick, and apt to repine,
Unless you will give us some Wine.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,
Let's refresh our dry Souls,
And then we'll to work with a Clink, clink, clink;
But first let us drink, but first let us drink.*

Vulcan. *Let each take his Bowl then, and hold it to his nose,
Then let him redouble his blows.*

Cycl. *Nay, stint us not so, but let each take his two,
And twice as much as we can do.*

Chor. *With swinging great B wls,
Let's refresh, &c.*

Vulc. *Oe Slaves, will you never from drunkenness refrain?
Remember Ulysses again.*

Cycl. *Ulysses is a Dog, were he here he shou'd find
We'd scorn him, and drink our selves blind.*

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,
Let's refresh, &c.*

[They take their Kans in their hands.

Pyra. *Here, Harpes, to you. Harp. Here, Brontes, to you,
And so take each Cyclops his due.*

Bron. *To thee, Steropes. Ster. Pyracmon, to thee.*

Omn. *And thus in our Cups we'll agree.*

Chor.

Chor.

*With swinging great Bowls,
Let's refresh, &c.*

Vulc. *Be gone, or great Jove will for Thunder-bolts stay,
The World grows so wicked each day.*

Cycl. *He has less need of Thunder than we have of Vine:
VVe'd drink, though great Jove should repine.*

Chor.

*With swinging great Bowls,
Let's refresh, &c.*

[The Cyclops dance again]

Enter Cupid and Zephyrus, at which they all run away.

Cup. You are my best of servants, y' have done well.

Say, Zephyrus, how do you like my Love?

Zeph. Her Beauty does all mortal forms excel,
She should be snatch'd from Earth to reign above:
But why do you a humane shape now wear?
Why will you not your self a God appear?

Cup.

At first, invisible I'll be.

Then like a Prince I will be seen;

Me like a God when she shall see,

I'll make her my Immortal Queen.

When Love thus slyly his approaches makes,

He takes fast hold, and long will stay;

But if by storm he once possession takes,

His Empire in the heart will soon decay.

Here comes my Love Away,

And to her honour dedicate this day.

[Exeunt Cupid and Zephyrus]

Enter Psyche

Psyc. To what enchanted Palace am I brought

Adorn'd beyond all humane thought?

Here Art and Nature's utmost powers conspire,

To make the Ornament entire.

Where

Where e'r I turn me, here my dazl'd eye
Does nought but Gold or precious Gems descry:

This sure is some divine abode,
The splendid Palace of some God:

And not a Den where Humane blood is spilt.

This sure was never for a Serpent built.

I am at this no less amaz'd,

Then at my sudden passage to the place.

With wonder round about I've gaz'd,

And, which is strange, I've seen no humane face.

'Tis sure some Aery Vision which I see,

And I to this imaginary height

Was rais'd by Heav'n in cruelty,

That I might suffer a severer Fate.

I on a Precipice of hope was plac'd,

That so my fall might greater be,

And down with violence I shall be cast

To th' bottom of despair, th' Abyss of misery.

Where is the Serpent? when will he appear?

Cup. The Serpent which you must embrace is near.

Psyc. VVhat Divine Harmony invades my ear?

This is a voice I cou'd for ever hear.

O speak again, and strike my ravish'd sense

VVith thy harmonious excellence!

VVhat Pow'r Divine provokes within my blood,

I know not what, that cannot be withstood?

Cup. VVhat ever can be pleasant but in thought,

Exit him.

Shall for my Love be sought:

This shall her Palace, here her Empire be;

She shall have Sovereign command o'r that and me.

Psyc. No object of my sense could e'r

Transport me till this hour;

I feel a passion mix'd with Joy and Fear,

That's caus'd by this unknown invifible Power.

VVho are you that does charm me so?

Such pain and pleasure I ne'r felt before;

You are by this some God, I know,

And I must you adore —

She kneels.

Enter

Enter Cupid, and takes her up.

Oh Heaven! what glorious thing is this I see?

What unknown Deity?

His shape is humane, but his face divine;

He calls me Love: but ah! would he were mine.

Cup. I am the Serpent Heav'n for you design'd,
Which shou'd on you his poison breathe.

Psyc. This poison ne'er can cause my death,
For such a Serpent I wou'd quit Mankind.
Yours is the pleasant'st poison e'er was felt;
My eyes drop showers of joy, my heart will melt.

My mind was never full before,

But now my swelling Joys run o'r;

My heart does pant like a seal'd Dove:

What is it thus my passion moves?

Cup. How does my charming fair, my Dove?

Let me approach my Dear, my Love:

Let me but touch thy snowy hand,

And thou shalt all my heart command.

Psyc. There's no request of yours I can withstand.

Oh I am stung! what's this I feel?

It is no pointed Steel:

'Tis such a pretty tingling smart,

Now it invades my heart.

Oh it increases on me still,

And now my blood begins to chill.

But, Oh the pleasure! Oh the pain!

And, Oh! might both a thousand years remain!

Cup.

Courage, my Dove, I have thee here,

Thou need'st no Serpent fear;

For I am all the Serpents thou shalt see,

And Love is all the poison I'll infuse in thee.

Psyc. What can it be my senses thus alarms?

What have you done t' your hand that thus it charms?

But, Oh your pow'ful eyes bewitch me more.

I never saw or felt such eyes before.

Embraces her.

Not know I now what 'tis I feel or see. [*He turns his head aside.*
Turn not away those eyes that poison me.

Those sweet, those piercing am'rous eyes,
That can so easily a heart surprise.

Oh, may my breast this poison ne'r forsake!

I'm sure no Antidote I'll take.

Why do you sigh? are you transported too?

Cup. As you by me, so I am charm'd by you.

Oh let my wandring heart find rest

VVithin thy soft and snowy breast.

Thou must to me thy heart resign,

And in exchange I'll give thee mine.

And when my heart within thy breast does sit.

Thou must be kind, and nurse, and cherish it.

Psyc. Oh! how mine flutters; yet I hold it fast,

It beats till it itself will tire;

'Twill lose it self with violent desire:

Do what I can, it will be gone at last.

Oh give me thine, for mine will flie away;

Ah give it me! for if you longer stay,

Mine will be gone, and I shall die.

Pray let your heart the want of mine supply.

Cup. Thou through thy Lips, my Love, must mine receive,

And the same way thine to my breast convey;

And when to me that pretty thing thou'lt give,

I'll us't so kindly, 't shall not flie away.

Psyc. Then take it, for with me it will not stay.

[*They kiss.*

VVhat have I done! I am too blame;

I blush and feel a secret shame:

But I feel something which o'rcomes that sense.

I'm charm'd with so much excellence!

Some Power Divine thus animates my blood,

And 'twere a sin, if that should be withstood.

Your sacred form so much does move,

That I pronounce aloud, I love.

How am I rapt! what is it thus does force

My inclination from its proper course?

I was to love an open enemy ;

But now the more I look on Thee,
The more I love. My first surprise
Is heighten'd still by thy bewitching eyes.

Cup. Love's debt was long deny'd by thee,
But now h'as paid himself with usury.

Psyc. Should I to one I know not be thus kind,
To one who will, perhaps, unconstant be ;
Pray let me so much favour find,
To let me know who 'tis has conquer'd me.

Cup. Do not suspect my constancy,
Believe my sighs, and then trust me.
Words may be false and full of Art,
Sighs are the nat'ral language of the heart.
But, pray beware of curiosity,

Lest it shou'd ruine Thee and Me.

You must not yet know who I am ;

I will in time disclose my name.

In this Region a vast Empire have,
Each Prince y'have seen compar'd to me's a Slave.

To me all Grecian Princes Tribute owe,

Which they shall pay to you.

A thousand Beauties shall be still at hand,

Waiting for thy command ;

And, without envy, they shall thee adore.

The pomp which here thou shalt enjoy, is more

Then e'r was seen in Earthly Princes Courts :

And pleasures here shall be

Beyond all mortal Luxury ;

Our Recreation shall be heav'nly sports.

And to such splendid Joys I thee invite,

As do the Gods on Festivals delight.

But first thy pallat thou shalt satisfy,

Thy ear shall then be ravish'd, then thy eye ;

And all thy other Senses thou shalt feast :

Here thou shalt entertain, and I will be the guest.

This following Song is sung by invisible Singers.

ALL Joy to fair Psyche in this happy place,
And to our great Master, who her shall embrace:
May never his Love nor her Beauty decay,
But be warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the day.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,
If still while they liv'd, they'd be always in love.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we.
The knowledge men boast of doth nothing but vex,
And their wandring Reason their minds does perplex:

Chor. But no Mortals, &c.

Love's sighs and his tears are mix'd with delights,
But were he still 'Pester'd with cares and with frights,
Shou'd a thousand more troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. No Mortals, &c.

Then lose not a moment, but in Pleasure employ it,
For a moment once lost will always be so;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. No Mortals, &c.

Psy. How am I rap't! what pleasures do I find!
My Love, I have but one request to thee;
Two Sister s I have left behind,
I hope my Love will be so kind,
That they the Witnesses may be
Of all my pomp and my felicity.

Cap. Enter Zephyrus,
My Zephyrus is still at hand
To wait for thy command.

Be gone —
Zeph. I'll fly as quick as thought,
 They suddenly shall to this place be brought.]

[Exit Zephyrus,
Cup. My Dear, let them not here much time employ,
 For I must thy whole heart enjoy.
 From me, my Love, not one poor thought must stray,
 For I have given thee all my heart away.
 But now prepare thy ears and eyes,
 For I thy senses will surprise.
 Along with me, and thou shalt see
 What Miracles in Love there be.

[Exeunt]

The Scene changes to the principal Street of the City, with vast numbers of People looking down from the tops of Houses, and out of the Windows and Balconies, which are hung with Tapestry. In this Street is a large Triumphal Arch, with Columns of the Dorick Order, adorned with the Statues of Fame and Honour, &c. Beautified with Festoons of Flowers; all the Inrichments of Gold. Through this Arch, at a vast distance, in the middle of a Piazza, is seen a stately Obelisk.

Enter two Men.

1. Man. What shouts are those that eccho from the Plain?

2. Man. The Stranger-Princes have the Monster slain:
 The People the victorious Champions meet,
 And them with Shouts and Acclamations greet.

1. Man. Our freedom these brave Conqu'rors have restor'd;
 The bloud of Men no more shall be devour'd;
 No more young Ladies shall be snatch'd away
 To be the cruel Serpents prey.

2. Man.

2. *Man.* For this the large Triumphal Arch was built,
 For this the Joyful People meet in throngs,
 The Princes Triumph for the blood they spilt,
 And celebrate the Conquest with loud Songs.
 They in this place a Sacrifice prepare,
 To pay their vows and thanks to th' God of War.

[*A Consort of loud Martial Musick.*

Enter the Priests of Mars, one carrying the Serpents
 Head upon the Spear, all of them having Targets, Breast-
 plates, and Helmets of Brass. Then the *Præsul*, having a
 Trophy of Arms carry'd before him. Then *Nicander*, *Pol-
 ynices*, *Cydippe*, *Aglaure*, Train and Guards. The Priests sing
 this following Song, and dance to't.

Let us loudly rejoyce,
 With glad heart and with voice;
 For the Monster is dead,
 And here is his head.
 No more shall our Wives
 Be afraid of their lives,
 Nor our Daughters by Serpents miscarry.
 The Oracle then
 Shall bestow them on Men,
 And they not with Monsters shall marry.
 Let us loudly rejoyce
 With glad heart and with voice;
 For the Monster is dead,
 And here is his head.

Præsul sings.

Great God of War to thee
 We offer up our thanks and pray'r
 For by thy mighty Deity
 Triumphant Conquerors we are.

Chor.

Chor.

*Thou'rt great among this heavenly race,
And onely to the Thunderer giv'st place.*

Præful.

*Jove is thy father, but does not exceed
Thy Deity on any score.*

*Thou, when thou wilt, canst make the whole world bleed,
And thou canst heal their breaches by thy power.*

Chor.

*'Tis thou that must to Armies give success,
Thou that must Kingdoms too with safety bless,
Thou that must bring, and then must guard their peace.*

*They dance, striking their Swords upon the Targets, showing
the postures of their Swords, Kettle-Drums beating, and
Trumpets sounding: Whilst the Præful and the rest prepare
the Altar, and kindle the Fire. After the Dance ———*

Præf. sings.

*While we to Mars his praises sing,
A Horse, th'appointed Victim, bring.*

*[Mars and Venus meet in the Air in their
Chariots, his drawn by Horses, and
hers by Doves.]*

Venus sings. *Great God of War, if thou dost not despise*

*The power of my victorious eyes,
Reject this Sacrifice.*

My Deity they disrespect,

My Altars they neglect,

And Psyche onely they adore,

Whom they shall see no more.

Have I yet left such influence on your heart,

As to enjoin you wou'd take my part.

By some known token punish their offence,

And let them know their insolence.

Mars.

So much your influence on me remains,

That still I glory in my chains,

What ever you command, shall be

A sov'reign Law to me.

These fancy Mortals soon shall see

What

*What 'tis to disrespect your Deity.
To show how much for you I them despise,
Since they with Venus dare contend,
Ye powers of Hell your Furies send,
And interrupt their Sacrifice.*

*[Mars and Venus fly away.
Furies descend and strike the Altar, and break it, and every one
flies away with a fire-brand in's hand.*

*I. Pr. What dreadful prodigies are these!
Hence from his bloody rage let's flee,
And in his Temple let us try
If we his angry Godhead can appease.*

*Nican. What Magick Charms do this sad place infest,
And us in all our actions thus molest?*

*Polyn. The pow'r of Hell it sure must be
That thus against us wages war;
For when fair Psyche he wou'd free,
It still does mischiefs against us prepare.*

*But no Enchantment yet our courage binds,
No accidents can alter valiant minds.*

*Nican. In spite of Hell we will go on in quest
Of our lov'd Psyche, who is charm'd from hence.*

*Aglau. You might from all your fruitless toyls have rest,
If of your present fortune y' had a sense.*

*Cid. Our Father, who is now at point of death,
Does in his Will us two to you bequeath.*

*Aglau. Envy it self will sure confess,
Our Beauties and our Vertues are not less,
Then the mean Idol's you so much adore,
And whom ye never can see more;
The Monster you have slain did her devour.*

*Polyn. We by his rav'nous Maw did find to day,
The Monster had not yet made her his prey.*

*Cid. What if he had, we two are left behind,
And by the Gods you are for us design'd.*

*Nican. Heav'n has not yet to me reveal'd that mind,
My inclinations still are hers I find.*

The honour's great we might by you enjoy,
But it would all our vows and all our love destroy.

Polyn. To *Psyche* I have offer'd my whole heart,
Sh'has for no other left me the least part.

Pardon that I the honour must refuse;
No Mortals can their own affections chuse;
Love, Heav'n's high power does into us infuse.

Nican. V When we lost *Psyche*, solemnly we swore,
The search of her we never wou'd give o'er.

Polyn. Should we not find her, we our lives must spend,
V Which in th' unwearied search of her must end.

Aglau. Think you with safety you shall us despise?
Though we're too weak to wound you with our eyes,
Our full revenge shall both of you pursue,
And give what to your insolence is due.

Cid. Your heads shall pay for the affront you give,
And you shall dye, or we will cease to live.

Nican. If danger cou'd our courages remove,
V We were not fit t'aspire to *Psyche*'s love.

Polyn. Our absence now you must excuse,
V We in our search no farther time must lose.

[*Exeunt* *Nican.* *Polyn.*]

Aglau. I have a trusty Villain which I'll send,
V Who in disguise shall their unwary steps attend;
And then an ambush shall for them be laid,
That their base lives may be tous betray'd.

Cid. The powers of all this Kingdom we'll engage,
To sacrifice their lives to our insatiate rage.

Aglau. They dearly shall by their example show,
How soon rejected Love to dangerous Rage can grow.

[*Exeunt amba.*]

G

ACT

ACT IV.

The Scene is a stately Garden belonging to the Magnificent Palace, seen in the former Act. The great Walk is bounded on either side with great Statues, Figures of Gold standing on Pedestals, and small sitting at their feet: And in large Vases of Silver are Orange, Lemon, Citron, Pomegranate: and behind Mirtle, Jessamine, and other Trees. Beyond this a noble Arbour, through which is seen a less Walk, all of Cypress Trees, which leads to another Arbour at a great distance.

Enter Aglaura, Cydippe, Psyche with her Train.

Aglau. **E** Nough the Splendor of your Court w^e have seen,
Such ne'r was known by any earthly Queen.

Cyd. But we your Conqu'ring Lover wou'd behold
Of whom such charming stories you have told.

Psyc. Oh! he's the brightest thing your eyes e'r saw;
Beauty he has might give the whole World Law.

And then such tender kindness you shall see;
For he delights in nothing but in me.

We sport and revel all the day,
In soft delights melting the hours away.

And such resistless ways he has to charm.

We kiss, embrace, and arm in arm,
With am'rous sighs, and soft discourse,

Our fainting Passions still we reinforce:

When I would speak, my words he does devour;

And when he speaks, I kiss him o'r and o'r.

And

And when from kissing we our lips remove:
 He tells a thousand pretty Tales of Love,
 And all the while his beauty I survey,
 And he so greedily beholds my eyes,
 As he'd devour them. But a moment stay,
 And he will you, as he did me, surprise.

[Exit Psyche.]

Aglau. What cursed Fate is this, that did ordain,
 That she shou'd have such pleasure, we such pain?
 Oh that I had infection in my breath,
 I my own life wou'd lose to give her death.

Cid. Base Fortune! that on *Psyche* wou'd bestow
 So vast a share of happiness,
 And give her elder Sisters so much less,
 That she shou'd be so high, and we so low.

Aglau. Such glory yet no Monarch ever saw;
 Such humble Vassals, such obedient awe,
 Such shining Palaces yet ne'r have been,
 Such pomp the Sun in all his progress ne'r has seen.

Cid. A thousand Beauties wait for her command,
 As many heavenly Youths are still at hand:
 And to our envious eyes she chose
 These hated objects to expose.

Aglau. When we to our great joy believ'd,
 That she destroy'd had been,
 Oh how the Ridling God has us deceiv'd;
 We see her here like some immortal Queen,
 Whom all her subjects serve not, but adore.

Cid. Oh! I shall die with envy: say no more,
 But of some quick revenge let's meditate,
 To interrupt their happy state:

Let's by some Art cause fatal Jealousies
 Between these prosperous Lovers to arise.

Enter Cupid and Psyche, with many Attendants.

Aglau. They're here: What divine Object strikes my eyes?

Cid. What heavenly thing does my weak heart surprise?

Aglau. Her hated sight I can no longer bear.

Cid. Oh with what Joy I could her heart-strings tear!

Aglaia. This is the goodliest Creature Heaven ere made,
And I will summon Hell up to my aid,

But I will *Psyche's* life destroy;
And I will then this God-like Youth enjoy.

Cid. When I am dead, he may be had by thee:
But know, *Aglaia*, I'll ne'r live to see
This goodly thing enjoy'd by any one but me.

Cup. Ladies——
You such a welcome in this place shall find,
As fits the greatness of your Sisters mind;
And by your entertainment I will show,

What I to my lov'd *Psyche* owe:
For her shall Quires of *Cupids* sing,
For her the Sphears shall their loud Musick bring.

S O N G.

Let old Age in its envy and malice take pleasure,
In business that's sower, and in hoarding up treasure:
By dulness seem wise, be still peevish and nise;
And what they cannot follow, let them rail at as vice.

Wise Youth will in Wine and in Beauty delight,
Will revel all day, and will sport all the night.
For never to love, won'd be never to live,
And Love must from Wine its new vigour receive.

How insipid were life without those delights,
In which lusty hot Youth spend their dayes and their nights;
Of our nauseous dull beings we too soon should be cloy'd,
Without those blest'd joys which Fools onely avoid.

Unhappy grave VVretches who live by false measure,
And for empty vain shadows refuse real pleasure;
To such Fools while vast joys on the witty are waiting,
Life's a tedious long journey without ever baiting.

Now

Now see what is to *Psyche's* beauty due,
 And what th' Almighty pow'r of Love can show:
 These senseless Figures motion shall receive;
Psyche's bright beams can life to Statues give

[Ten Statues leap from their Pedestals, and dance.
 Ten Cupids rise from the Pedestals, strew all the
 Stage with Flowers, and fly all several ways. During
 the Dance, Cupid and *Psyche* retire.

Cid. VVith what divine Magnificence
 They in this place treat every sense?

Aglau. Excess of Love and Hate disturb my rest,
 VVhich equally divide my breast.

Cid. You may hate her, and other Princes love;
 But your affection must from him remove,
 Or th' utmost rage of a revengeful Rival prove.

Aglau. Mountains shall sooner leap or fly,
 The Sun may prove inconstant, but not I:
 All my presumptuous Rivals I'll destroy;
 I cannot live, unless I him enjoy.

Cid. Then suddenly resign your hated breath;
 You shall not live to cause my death:
 Your fruitless Love shall soon be lost.

You to your elder Sister shall give place,
 For I will this Celestial Youth embrace,
 Tho' it the lives of half the world shou'd cost.

Aglau. The pow'r of Hell shall ne'r change my design;
 I wou'd a thousand Lives before one Love resign.

Cid. But *Psyche's* Life and Love must have an end,
 Or we in vain for him contend,
 VVhat e'r against each other we design,
 Against the common Enemy let's joyn.

Aglau. Should we kill her, it would provoke his hate.
 And on our selves pull down a certain Fate.

Let's poison them with jealousy;
 And Lovers had much better die,
 Than suffer that extremity.

Enter

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. Now Sisters! how do you approve my Dear?

Cid. You are secure: but give us leave to fear.

Psyc. Fear not: you are in my Protection now.

Aglau. We fear not for our selves, but you.

Psyc. For me! I am so full of Joy,

That nothing can my happiness destroy.

I have my Love, and that's enough for me.

My life is one continued Extasie,

His love to me is infinite,

Each moment does transcend

Ages of common gross delight,

For which dull sensual men so much contend.

Cid. Why does he still conceal his name?

It argues little love, or else much shame.

Psyc. You cannot doubt his love, he is so kind;

Envy in him no cause of shame can find:

What need I care who 'tis I love,

Since all that see him must my choice approve.

Aglau. This violent Love may soon decay,

And he for some new Mistress may

Your easie heart betray.

Cid.

When he shall please to frown,

You from this height are suddenly thrown down:

And when he thus shall have abandon'd you,

On whom will you inflict the vengeance due?

Psyc. Could I this fatal change survive,

I sure should be the wretched'st thing alive.

Aglau. True Love has no reserve, this is some cheat;

Your wisdom's small, though your affection's great.

Cid. Th' Impostor does by Magick Art surprise!

And this is all delusion of our eyes.

The Miracles each moment does produce,

Sufficiently may make this clear;

Your Lover does no Natural Causes use.

All Natures Order is inverted here.

Aglau.

You see that his Attendants are

The winged Spirit of the Air.

He's sure some *Demon*, which commands the Winds,
And him the Clouds obey:

How easily may he delude our minds,
Wh'our bodies can by VVinds and Clouds convey.

This must be some enchanted place.

Cid. (*aside.*) Let him be what he will, I'll him embrace.

(*To her.*) How soon may Fate your seeming Heav'n destroy,
Which like a dream reflects imaginary Joy.

Psyc. Oh I am seiz'd with an unusual fright,
A sudden stop is put to my delight.

Aglau. This still may be the Serpent you did fear,
Tho' with a humane shape he cheats your eyes,
And Heav'n by this more cruel will appear,
After this Joy to ruine by surprise.

Cid. In wrath the Oracle thy doom declar'd,
Here no effects we of its anger see:

Thou know'st not yet what ruine is prepar'd,
VVhat dreadful Fate Heav'n does reserve for thee.

Psyc. How I'm amaz'd! Oh my poor trembling heart!

Enter Zephyrus.

Zeph. My Lord commands your Sisters must depart,
And none must his commands deny.

Aglau. VVhat is't I hear! I dye, I dye!

Cid. But if I dye, I will not dye alone;
She shall not here remain when I am gone.

Aglau. Hold! take me with thee in thy brave design;
I'll in the noble execution joyn.

[*Both offer to stab at Psyche, as she looks
another way, and are snatch'd away by
Zephiri.*

Psyc. Ah! what unwelcome change is this I see?
Must they so suddenly be snatch'd from me?

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Now let's enjoy our selves, the time invites:
True Love alone in privacy delights.

VVhat is't disturbs my *Psyche's* mind?

What fatal change is this I find?

Such

Such a black storm me thinks hangs on thee now,
 As I have seen upon the Mornings brow;
 Which blushing first had promis'd a fair day,
 But strait did nought but dark-swoln Clouds display.
 Is it your Sisters absence makes you grieve?
 All such relations you shou'd now forget;
 Lovers should for each other onely live,
 And having one another should have no regret.

Psy. So small a thing cannot afflict my mind.

Cup. 'Tis for some Rival then your griefs design'd.

Psy. This mean suspicion proves my Lord unkind!
 Ah! did your charms but to your self appear,
 You'd know that I no other chains cou'd wear.
 No Rhetorick can paint my Loves excess,
 Ere mine can be describ'd, it must be less.

Cup. I love thee too at such a rate,
 No Mortal can approach my height.
 What is it can produce thy grief?

Psy. I fear you'll not afford it your relief.

Cup. If thou by any thing my wrath cou'dst move,
 'Twou'd be by thy suspicion of my love.
 Thou o'r my heart art grown so absolute,
 That no commands of thine I can dispute:
 Thou of thy pow'r know'st not the large extent,
 To ease thy doubt, make an experiment.

Psy. No: I shall finde a harsh repulse, I fear.

Cup. By thy victorious eyes,
 Which govern now the heart they did surprise;
 By th' Gods inviolable Oath I swear,
 By *Styx*, all thy commands shall be to me
 Sacred, as Heav'n's decree.

Psy. I with these am'rous vows am doubly pleas'd,
 I am of half my grief already eas'd.
 By this all fear of coldness you remove,
 And then you'll tell me now, who 'tis I love.

Cup. Heav'n!

Psy. 'Tis fit that I who did great Kings refuse,
 Shou'd know who is the charming Youth I chuse.

Cup.

Cup. What do I hear?

Pfyc. 'Tis true I love, and glory in my Chains;
But to compleat my joys, it yet remains,
That thou, my Love, wou'dst thy dear name expose,
And my illustrious choice to me disclose.
Why dost thou frown? thou must my doubts secure,
I by my Love and by this Kiss conjure,
If thou dost love me this assurance give:
'Tis Love, my Dear, makes me inquisitive.
Thou shou'dst all secrets to my breast resign,
Besides, th' hast sworn this is no longer thine.

Cup. I've sworn; and, if you will, I must comply,
But then thy fatal curiosity
Inevitably ruins Thee and Me.

Pfyc. Is this my Sov'reign Empire over thee?

Cup. You must what e'rs within my power command;
But your extravagant desires withstand:
Unless you will abandon him you love,
And will for ever from my sight remove.

Pfyc. You found a heart too ready to believe,
And wou'd you still that poor weak heart deceive?

Cup. Must I my fatal secret then resign?

Pfyc. Can you keep back your heart, and yet take mine?

Cup. Consider yet what 'tis you do.

Pfyc. I fear'd I shou'd be thus refus'd by you.

Cup. Let me not yet my name declare.

Pfyc. Oh unkind Youth! thou mak'st me now despair,
That thou'lt reward my Love, or ease my care.

Cup. Consider yet, and let me hold my peace.

Pfyc. Will your unkind denials never cease?

Cup. Know then, my self a God I must declare,
Whom all the other Deities obey:

All things in Earth, Hell, Water, Air,
Must to my Godhead their devotion pay.
I am the God of Love, whom, to thy cost,
Thy foolish curiosity has lost.
By this thou dost my Love to Anger turn,
And must in fatal desolation mourn.

I from thy once lov'd eyes must flye,
 For 'tis ordain'd by cruel destiny,
 Which rules o'r all the Gods and me,
 That for thy folly I shou'd thus abandon thee.

*Cupid flies away. The Garden and Palace vanish,
 and Psyche is left alone in a vast Desert, upon the
 brink of a River in Marish, full of Willows, Flags,
 Bullrushes, and Water-flowers; beyond which, is
 seen a great open Desert.*

Psyc. Oh! whither art thou fled, my Dear?

Why hast thou left me here?

Of all my glorious pomp I am bereft,
 And in despair am in a Desert left.

Oh my misfortune! oh my crime!

I lov'd a God, and was ador'd by him.

My self I banish'd, and am left forlorn,

A fatal subject of injurious scorn;

A scorn to all the Princes I've refus'd,

By my own folly I my self abus'd.

Yet sure the God is much unkind,

To fly himself, yet leave his power behind.

My Love remains still to increase my care,

And heighten all the torments of despair.

[Psyche retires to the River side.]

Enter Aglaura, Cidippe, with a Soldier.

Sold. We of your Royal Father are bereft,
 Who you the Heirs of this great Kingdom left.

So much he for the loss of Psyche griev'd,

That he by death his fatal grief reliev'd.

Aglau. But are not yet the Rival Princes slain?

Sold. We have not follow'd your Commands in vain;

The Princes are in sight upon the Plain:

In quest of Psyche they each path will trace,

And their unwearied search will bring them to this place.

Exit

So

So many of us here in ambush lye,
As soon as they approach us, they shall dye.

Cid. Begone, we largely will reward your Loyalty.

Exit Soldier.

How luckily did Zephyrus convey

Us to this Desert, where we may,
To our great pleasure, standing by,
Behold these insolent Rivals die.

Aglan. Since of all hopes of Love we are bereft,
Revenge is all the pleasure we have left.

Oh my bless'd Eyes ! behold yon Face ;
Psyche is thrown upon this Desert place.

Cid With pleasure I my sufferings embrace,
Since her an equal sufferer I find.

Is all your splendid Pomp to this declin'd ?

Fate did your Pallace to a Desert turn,

And you for all your arrogance shall mourn.

Psyc. Am I the object of my Sisters scorn ?

Ah, had I there your fatal eyes ne'r seen,

I still had prosp'rous in my Palace been.

You urg'd that curiosity,
Which brought this dreadful ruine upon me.

Aglan. How well did our first Artifice succeed,
She like a Prince when he's depos'd should bleed.

Cid. Under our power you now a Slave remain ;
Our Father's dead, and has left us to Reign.

Psyc. No : a more glorious Fate for me's design'd,
Since he is gone, I'll not stay long behind.

Aglan. She shall not if she wou'd ;

We to be safe must shed her blood.

Cid. Her with her Lovers Heads we'll first surprize,
Then to our rage her life we'll sacrifice.

(Exit Aglaura and Cidippe,

smiling on Psyche.

Psyc. No longer these misfortunes I'll endure ;
Of all such wounds, death is the sovereign cure.
In this deep Stream that softly by does glide,
All my misfortunes and my faults I'll hide.

I from thy once lov'd eyes must flye;
 For 'tis ordain'd by cruel destiny,
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Then to our rage her life we'll sacrifice.

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smiling on Psyche.

Psyc. No longer these misfortunes I'll endure;

Of all such wounds, death is the sovereign cure.

In this deep Stream that softly by does glide,

All my misfortunes and my faults I'll hide.

She offers to throw her self into the River. The
God of the River arises upon a seat of Bul-
rushes and Reeds, leaning upon an Urn. The
Naiades round about him sing:

The God
sings. *Stay, stay, this act will much defile my streams:
With a short patience suffer these extreams.
Heav'n has for thee a milder Fate in store,
The time shall be when thou shalt weep no more.
And yet fair Psyche ne'r shall dye.*

1 Nymph. *She ne'r shall dye.*
2 Nymph. *She ne'r shall dye.*
Chor. *She ne'r shall dye:*

*But shall be crown'd with immortality.
But shall be, &c.*

The God
sings again. *Venus approaches, from her anger fly;
More troubles yet your constancy must try
But th' happy minnte will e're long arrive,
That will to you eternal freedom give.
And yet fair Psyche ne'r shall dye.*

1 Nymph. *She ne'r shall dye.*
2 Nymph. *She ne'r shall dye.*
Chor. *She ne'r shall dye.*

*But shall be crown'd with immortality.
But shall be, &c.*

*Psyc. I need not fly, I have done no offence,
I'm strongly guarded by my Innocence.*

Venus descends in her Chariot:

*Venus. Dares Psyche before me appear?
From my dread wrath you scorn to fly:
'Tis Impudence, not constancy.*

I'll bend your stubborn heart, and make you fear.

*Psyc. Dread Goddess! how have I
Provok'd so your unwonted cruelty?*

Venus

Venus. You did usurp my Honours; men to you
Did give that Worship which to me was due:
For you they did my Deity despise,
And wou'd have rais'd up Altars to your Eyes.

Psyc. Is Beauty then (Heavn's gift) a fault in me?
It is a fault I cannot help, you see.

Ven. Your Pride did first all Earthly Kings refuse,
And then my Son, a God, must chuse.
How durst you thus my Heavenly Race abuse?

Psyc. Against all Kings he harden'd my poor heart,
And for himself he struck me with his Dart:
His Beauty wou'd make hearts of Stone to melt,
And his almighty power your self have felt.

Ven. Dare you with me expostulate?
I'll make you feel the worst effects of hate:
My pow'r you fatally shall know,
And for your insolence to Hell shall go. [*Venus flies away.*]

Enter Nicander and Polynices.

Nican. How long shall we our search pursue,
Without all hope that we shall *Psyche* find?

Polyn. Each day our weary labour we renew,
And all our life must be for that design'd.

Nican. What happy Vision does salute my eyes!

Polyn. It must be *Psyche's* face that can so much surprize.

Nican. At length the joy of both our lives is found;
Blest Fate! that brought us to this sacred ground!

Polyn. Oh Divine *Psyche*! you're at length restor'd;
We will defend you now from future harms.

Nican. Now we have found the Goddess we ador'd,
We will protect her against all Hells charms.

Psy. Oh come not near, Heav'n does not me restore;
I have committed an unknown offence,

For which I must be snatch'd from hence,
And, Princes! I shall never see you more.

[*Furies rise, and then descend with Psyche.*]

Nican. Oh cruel Fate!

Polyn. Oh my curst Stars!

Enter

*Enter Soldier.**Sold.* Fall on, fall on—*Enter Soldiers, who lay in ambush, and fall upon the Princes, who kill four or five of them, the rest fly.**Nican.* This from the envious Sisters must proceed.*Polyn.* 'T must be their stratagem to make us bleed.*Nican.* Why should we thus our lives defend,
Since *Psyche* we've for ever lost.*Polyn.* 'T is fit our hated lives should end,
But not that Slaves shou'd of the victory boast.*Nican.* Why I am resolv'd I'll not this loss survive.*Polyn.* Nor shou'd you think I am so tame to live.*Nican.* Let's hand in hand go plunge into the deep,
There all our sorrows may for ever sleep.*Polyn.* Agreed: and our immortal Souls shall that way go,
And meet our much lov'd *Psyche* down below.*[They arm in arm fling themselves into the River.]**Enter Aglaura and Cidippe, with Soldiers.**Aglau.* Villain, what Cowards did you entertain,
That two weak men could not by you be slain?*Cid.* Oh Heaven! the Princes are with *Psyche* fled.

Base Slave! thou hast forfeited thy head.

*[Soldier runs out.]**Cupid descends.**Cup.* Oh envious Fools, that *Psyche* thus pursue!

You both shall soon a deserv'd vengeance find;

Hells everlasting pangs to you are due,

Since she is gone you shall not stay behind.

'Gainst *Psyche* you provok'd my Mother's rage.

And your destruction must my wrath assuage.

When from below my *Psyche* shall return,

You, with damn'd Spirits shall for ever mourn.

Arise ye Furies, snatch 'em down to Hell!

No place becomes such envious Hags so well.

[Aglaura and Cidippe sink.]

ACT.

ACT V.

The *Scene* represents Hell, consisting of many burning Ruines of Buildings on each side: In the foremost Pieces are the Figures of *Prometheus* and *Sisyphus*, *Ixion* and *Tantalus*. Beyond those are a great number of Furies and Devils, tormenting the damned. In the middle arises the Throne of *Pluto*, consisting of Pillars of Fire; with him, *Proserpina*; at their feet sit *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. With the Throne of *Pluto* arise a great number of Devils and Furies, coming up at every rising about the House. Through the Pillars of *Pluto's* Throne, at a great distance, is seen the Gate of Hell, through which a Lake of Fire is seen; and at a huge distance, on the farther side of that Lake, are vast Crowds of the Dead, waiting for *Charon's* Boat. The following Song is sung by Furies and Devils.

TO what great distresses proud *Psyche* is brought?
 Oh the brave mischiefs our malice has wrought!
 Such Actions become the black Subjects of Hell,
 Our great Prince of Darkness whoe'r will serve well,
 Chor. { Must to all Mortals, nay, Gods shew their spight,
 { And in horror and torments of others delight.

How cool are our Flames, and how light are our Chains,
 If our craft or our cruelty Souls enow gains:

*In perpetual howlings and groans we take pleasure,
Our joys by the torments of others we measure.*

*Chor. {To rob Heav'n of the fair is our greatest delight,
 {To darkness, seducing the Subjects of Light.*

*How little did Heav'n of its Empire take care,
To let Pluto take the Rich, Witty, and Fair:
While it does for it self Fools and Monsters preserve,
The Blind, Ugly and Poor, and the Cripple reserve.*

*Chor. {Heav'n all the worst Subjects for it self does prepare,
 {And leaves all the best for the Prince of the Air.*

[A Dance of Furies.

*Cidip. Some ease they find i' th' midst of pain,
 When Hell does a new Subject gain.*

*Aglau. But in the hottest flames this fight would please,
And Psyche's howling will our greatest torments ease.*

*Cid. Were mine the hottest Furnace of all Hell,
If she were there, , my flames I could bear well.*

*Aglau. Were I into some dreadful Cavern tost,
Where the Damn'd are bound in eternal Frost;
Where gnashing teeth and shuddering they lie,
Cursing their births, wishing in vain to dye:
To see her there would warm my icy chain,
And her extream damnation thaw my pain.*

*Cidip. But oh our Hell is yet to come!
 With horror I expect my doom.*

*Aglau. There our eternal Judges are,
By their stern looks of mercy I despair.*

*Psyc. Does my too criminal Love deserve this pain?
Circl'd with horror must I here remain?
Through thousand terrors I have been convey'd,
With dismal yellings, shrieks and groans dismay'd:
O'r troubl'd Billows of eternal Fire,
Where tortur'd Ghosts must howl, and ne'r expire:
Where Souls ne'r rest, but feel fresh torments still,
Where furious Fiends their utmost rage fulfil;*

Tossing

Tossing poor howling Wretches to and fro,
 From raging Fires into eternal Snow,
 From thence to Flames, from thence to Ice again,
 In these extrems th' encounter equal pain,
 And no refreshing intervals can gain.
 The cursed Fiends still laughing at their moans,
 Hugging themselves to hear their shrieks and groans;
 Upbraiding them with all their crimes on earth.
 Each miserable Ghost curses, in vain, his birth.

Encompass'd with these horrors round:

No beam of comfort have I found.

Oh cruel *Venus*! wilt thou ne'r relent?

Canst thou of Love such an example make?

Can Love deserve such punishment?

Oh cruel God, thus to forsake

Me at the moment when I need him most!

I fear he is for ever lost.

I could endure the horrors of this place,

Could I again behold his much-lov'd Face.

Pluto sings. **R**efrain your Tears, you shall no pris'ner be;
 Beauty and Innocence in Hell are free:
 They're Treasons, Murders, Rapes, and Thefts that bring
 Subjects to th' infernal King.

You are no subject of this place.

A God you must embrace.

From Hell to Heaven you must translated be,

Where you shall live and love to all eternity.

Proserp. Psyche, draw near: with thee this Present take,
 Which given to *Venus*, soon thy Peace will make:
 Of Beauty, 'tis a Treasury Divine,
 And you're the Messenger she did design.

Lost Beauty this will soon restore,

And all defects repair:

Mortals will now afresh her Beams adore,

And ease her mind of jealousy and care.

No Beauty that has this can e'er despair.

Pluto. *Here are your Sisters, who your life once sought:
 Their malice to this place has Psyche brought,
 And against her all these dire mischiefs wrought.
 For ever here they shall remain,
 And shall in Hell suffer eternal pain.
 But Psyche shall a Deity embrace.*

Proserp. *Begone, fair Psyche!*

Pluto. *Be gone fair Psyche!*

Both. *Be gone, fair Psyche, from this place!*

Chor. of 2 *For Psyche must the God of Love embrace.*

all. *For Psyche must the God of Love embrace.*

*Aglau. O mercy, mercy, Sister, we implore;
 You'll intercede for a Reprieve.*

*Cidip. No more our malice can fair Psyche grieve;
 You'll be a Goddess, we must you adore.*

*Minos. No grace for you she shall obtain,
 For you must here remain.*

*Yet for her sake we'll ease you of some pain
 No raging pangs of sense here you shall know,
 But must eternal labours undergo;
 And with the Belides for ever live,
 Still shall with death, but never dye;
 Each of you must draw water in a Sieve*

To all Eternity.

*[The envious Sisters sink, with
 all the Devils and Furies and
 the Throne of Pluto vanishes.]*

*Psyc. In vain, poor Sisters, I deplore your Fate!
 Though living, you pursu'd me with your hate?
 'Tis a dark Cloud upon my happiness.
 But I'll strive to forget what's past redress.
 Wer't not for this, my Joys I could not bear.*

*Immoderate joy would overthrow,
 Were it not ballasted with care.
 My Love! I shall enjoy thee now,
 Together we shall happy be,
 And live and love to all eternity!*

Enter

Enter the Ghosts of Polynices and Nicander,

[Psyche starts.]

This was a dismal Tragedy.

These are the Princes Ghosts we see:

Oh what sad chance has brought you down to me.

Nicand. We felt the extremes of love and grief,

Which never cou'd have found relief:

And hand in hand we plung'd into the deep,

To seek repose by death's last sleep.

Polyn. Since you are lost, to ease us of our care,
We both obey'd a generous despair:

For since we could not live for you,

Our miserable lives we could not bear.

To all th' insipid World we bad adieu,

Since nothing that remain'd could please us there.

Nicand. Death we enjoy'd, and heavy life remov'd,

For we in death behold your charms again:

Those charms which both in life and death we lov'd,

Which we had sigh'd and wept for there in vain.

Psyche. Poor Ghosts! why would you suffer for my sake?

In vain too 'twas your death design'd,

Now I no recompence can make;

And then by force I was ungrateful and unkind:

Could I have lov'd, your merits were so much,

Your equal greatness and your virtues such:

I ne'r had fix'd my choice on one of you,

But must eternally have waver'd betwixt two.

[She weeps:]

Nicand. Who would not willingly resign his breath,

Who by a glorious death,

The honor of your Tears might gain?

Polyn.

I cannot now of Fate complain.

Nor would with tedious fools above remain.

Nor can your pity now or love implore.

Since you from hence must mount above.

And must embrace th' all pow'rful God of Love,

And at an humble distance we must you adore.

Nicand. Nor can we you of cruelty accuse,
Who for a God all mortal Kings refuse.

Polyn. Farewell: our Destiny recalls us now,
And we t' immortal happiness should go,
If without you it could be so.

Pfyc. Stay, Princes! and declare where, and what it is,
This everlasting place of Bliss?

Nican. In cool sweet shades, and in immortal Groves,
By Chrystal Rivulets, and eternal Springs;
Where the most beauteous Queens and greatest Kings,
Do celebrate their everlasting Loves.

Polyn. In ever peaceful, fresh, and fragrant Bowers,
Adorn'd with never fading Fruits and Flowers;

Where perfum'd Winds refresh their heat,
And where immortal Quires their Loves repeat.

There your great Father we have seen,
Where he afresh enjoys his beauteous Queen.

Nican. Who did for hopeless Loves themselves destroy,
Are there the greatest Hero's far;
Your God with infinite and endless joy,
Rewards their meritorious despair.

Polyn. Each moment there does far out-go
The happiest minute earthly Lovers know.
With soft eternal Chains of Love combin'd,
There they are ever youthful, ever kind:
Their endless pleasure is all Extasie,
And not like Earthly joys disturb'd with care;
Each fruitful minute does new pleasures bear:
From all unwelcome interruption free;
Each moment there more pleasure is design'd,
Then mortal Lovers can, when first united, find.

Pfyc. 'Tis fit that you those glorious Crowns should wear,
Of Friends and Rivals, the unequal'd pair.

Nican. The splendid Crowns of Lovers we've receiv'd,
But are by Heav'n of you bereav'd.
Strangers to Love we are alone;

Our Love is up to Adoration grown:
Our hours in contemplation well employ,

Of

Of the transcendent glory which you share;
 Our am'rous sighs shall turn to Holy Pray'r;
 While we that friendship, which you made, enjoy.

Polyn. For ever without you we must remain,
 And now we must no longer stay,
 Lest we contribute to your pain,
 And your immortal happiness delay.
 Farewel for ever, and remember me.

Nicand. Farewel for ever, and remember me. [*Ex. Nic & Pol.*]

Psyc. Farewel! such Friends and Rivals ne'r were found.
 How much am I by Love and Honor bound? [*Exit Psyc.*]

The Scene changes to the Marish which was in the former Act.

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. These Lovers must for ever in my thoughts remain;
 And would for ever give me pain,
 Did not the thoughts of him my mind employ,
 Who'll banish all my cares, and will compleat my joy.
 But ah! my sufferings have transform'd me so,
 My decay'd Face, and languid Eyes;
 My ruin'd Beauty he'll not know,
 Or if he does, he will my looks despise.
 But I have here a sacred Treasury,
 Which all my ruines may repair;
 Since it can make *Venus* her self more fair,
 Is't an offence if it be us'd by me? [*She opens the Box.*]
 Oh! what dark fumes oppress my clouded brain!
 I go, and never shall return again.
 Farewel, my Love, for ever fare thee well. [*She swoons.*]

Cupid descends.

Cap. Love o're my anger has the victory gain'd;
 Thy pardon is at length obtain'd:
 Thy dangers and thy sufferings I have known,
 My Love has made them all my own:
 With thee I languish'd, with thee did complain,
 With thee I sigh'd and wept, and suffer'd all thy pain,
 Why dost thou hide thy conqu'ring Eyes?
 Dost thou a Lover and a God despise?

Open

Open thy pretty Eyes, I am still the same,
 I still retain my unresisted flame;
 And all my vows are still paid to thy sacred name.
 She's dead, she's dead! O whither art thou gone?
 O Tyrant death! what has thy bold hand done?
 O cruel Mother! whose insatiate rage
 Could thee against such innocence engage?
 Thou hast, by this, all ties of duty broke;
 No longer I'll endure thy yoke:
 My filial duty to revenge shall turn,
 You soon shall feel what to my pow'r you owe;
 With hopeless Love you shall for ever burn,
 Your unregarded pains no ease shall know:
 You still shall rage with Love, and to despair shall bow.

Venus descends in her chariot.

Ven. What insolence is this I hear?
 This from a Son I can no longer bear.
 Resume your Duty, and put on your fear.

Cup. Duty to her, who has made *Psyche* dye?
 Revenge shall Piety succeed,
 Revenge shall make your cruel heart to bleed.
 And by your torments you shall find that I
 Am much the greater Deity.

Ven. Sure the great Thunderer asleep does lye,
 Or does not hear this Blasphemy.

Cup. My pow'r can make the Thund'rer bow;
 You all the dire effects of it shall know.
 For thee, dear *Psyche*, full revenge I'll take,
 And of my Mother first I'll the example make.
 What hellish Rage provok'd you to this deed?
 Whom Monsters would have spar'd, you have made bleed.

Ven. You suffer'd her my glory to invade;
 And when I call'd *Apollo* to my aid,
 You did the fraudulent God suborne.
 For you he that ambiguous Riddle made,
 And promis'd Judgement did to mercy turn;
 And by that Oracle I was betray'd.

Now

Now to deceive me is beyond his power;
Not all his Art can make her live one hour;
For none but I could *Psyche's* life restore.

Cup. Can you? Oh do, and punish me;
If there were any Crime, 'twas mine.
For her I'd lose my immortality.

Oh give me her, I'll all my power resign.

Here take my Quiver, take my Darts;

You when you please shall rule all hearts:

You shall the power of Love to that of Beauty joyn.

Ven. *Psyche* and you have so provok'd my hate,

Your Pray'rs as soon may alter Fate.

Cup. Behold the all-commanding Deity,

[Kneels.]

An humble suppliant on his knee!

Look on my Love! can you this form destroy?

Oh my lov'd *Psyche*! Oh my only Joy!

Oh give me her! my duty I'll retain,

Your Son for ever shall your humblest Slave remain!

Ven. I must be gone, you sigh and beg in vain.

Cup. Oh hear my Pray'rs! do not my Tears despise;
Behold the humble offerings of my Eyes.

If ever yet true grief y've felt,

Your marble heart will at this object melt.

Ah think what pity to your Son is due!

Think but what wonders he has wrought for you!

How many hearts he's wounded for your sake!

Remember this, and then some pity take.

Ven. No more for her will I neglected be,

Nor will I be affronted more by thee:

I'll be reveng'd on all your insolence,

And with eternal death I'll punish her offence.

Cup. Oh cruel Murdres! I will take her part,

And will revenge my self upon your heart;

Against your Breast I'll sharpen every Dart.

You in despair shall languish and decay:

Those feeble charms y've left shall fly away.

Languid shall be your looks, and weak your Eyes,

Your former Worshippers shall your faint Beams despise!

No.

No Lover more you e'r shall gain,
 I will be deaf when ever you complain;
 Without Lov's pow'r, all Beauty is but vain.
 Its seeming Essence Beauty does derive
 Onely from the reflexion which Love makes
 Like that——

Which from reflected Light a colour takes.
 The Body does no being to it give.
 Tremble at my revenge, for well you know,
 What I by my resistless pow'r can do.

Ven. Farewel you insolent and daring Boy:
 A living *Psyche* you shall ne'r enjoy.

[She mounts her Chariot and flies away.]

Cup. Oh cruel Mother! do not fly;
 Oh think how great must be that misery,
 Makes an immortal Being wish to dye,
 Spight of my self I must forever live,
 And without her, eternally must grieve:
 You I conjure by all the Heavenly Race,
 By all the pleasure of each stolen embrace;
 By the most ravishing moment of delight
 You ever had free from your Husbands sight,
 By all the joys of day, and raptures of the night,
 Return, return.

*{ Venus being almost lost in the Clouds. Cupid flies
 up and gets into her Chariot, and brings her
 back.*

Do but my *Psyche*'s life restore,
 And I will never ask you more:
 Do it, and all your pleasures I'll renew,
 And add a thousand which you never knew.

Ven. At length your sad complaints have soften'd me—
Psyche shall live——

Cup. Oh Heav'n

Ven. But not for thee;
 Nature returns, and I forgive my Boy.
 Restor'd you her shall see, but never shall enjoy.

Cup.

Cup. What dreadful words are these I hear!

Jupiter appears upon his Eagle.

But lo! the mighty Thund'rer does appear,
To him your cruelty I will reveal:
To the great *Jupiter* I now appeal.
Soul of the World, I beg you'll do me right,
Against my savage Mothers rage and spight.

Jup. Goddesses of Beauty, you must gentle grow,
And your severe Decree recall;
T'almighty Love the Universe must bow,
And without him must to confusion fall:
On Earth no Prince, in Heav'n no Deity,
Is from his pow'rful Scepter free.

Do not the God of Union provoke,
Lest Heav'n and Earth feel his revenging stroke.
Should he the utmost of his Rage employ,
He might the frame o' th' Universe destroy.

Ven. Should he a Mortal for his Wife embrace.
And by this hated Match blemish my heavenly Race.

Jup. *Psyche* to him shall equal be,
She is no Mortal, she shall never dye;
For I will give her immortality.

Ven. This puts a happy end to all our strife:
Psyche, arise: from seeming death return,
And with my Son enjoy immortal life,
Where you shall ever love, and never mourn.

[*Psyche revives.*]

Psyc. Who is it calls me from death's silent night,
And makes me thus revisit Light?

Oh Gods, am I again blest with thy sight!

Cup. For ever both your Godheads I'll adore,
Who did my *Psyche* to my arms restore,
Nor Hell nor Heaven shall make me quit thee more.

Psyc. Do I again view thy Celestial Face,

Cup. Do I again my Dear, my Love embrace!
Jup. Come, happy Lovers, you with me shall go,
 Where you the utmost Joys of Love shall know:
 Amongst the Gods I *Psyche* will translate,
 And they shall these blest Nuptials celebrate:
 In honour to them, I will summon all
 The pow'rs of Heaven to keep a Festival.

The Scene changes to a Heav'n.

In the highest part is the Palace of *Jupiter*; the Columns and all the Ornaments of it of Gold. The lower part is all fill'd with *Angels* and *Cupids*, with a round open *Temple* in the midst of it. This Temple is just before the Sun, whose beams break fiercely through it in divers places: Below the Heav'ns, several Semi-circular Clouds, of the breadth of the whole House, descend. In these Clouds sit the Musicians, richly Habited. On the front-Cloud sits *Apollo* alone. While the Musicians are descending, they play a *Symphony*, till *Apollo* begins, and sings as follows.

Apollo.

Apollo sings.

Apollo.

ASSemble all the Heavenly Quire,
 And let the God of Love inspire
 Your hearts with his Celestial Fire.
 The God of Love's a happy Lover made,
 His ravishing delights shall never fade.
 With his immortal Psyche He
 Now tastes those joys which ought to be
 As lasting as Eternity.

Chorus of Apol-
 lo's followers
 with Flagellets
 and Recorders.

Apollo.

Come Lovers, from the Elizian Groves,
 And celebrate these Heavenly Loves.

[A Smphony of Pipes, then
 Enter six Princes of *Elizium*,
 with six Ladies.

Apollo.

Bacchus with all your jolly Crew,
 Come revel at these Nuptials too.

[A Symphony of Hoboys, then
 Enter Bacchus, with the Mæ-
 nades and Ægipanes.

Apollo.

Come all ye winged Spirits of the Skies,
 And all ye mighty Deities.

[A Symphony of Recorders. Cupids
 and Spirits descend, hanging in
 the Skies, Gods and Goddesses
 in Chariots and Clouds.

Apollo. *You all his humble Vassals are,
And in his joy should have a share.*

Chor. *With his immortal Psyche he
Now tastes, &c.*

1 Elisian
Lover sings
a Treble. } *On Earth by unkindness are often destroy'd
The delights in the Nymphs, who are so much
(ador'd;
Or else the poor Lovers by kindness are cloy'd,
So faint are the pleasures their Love does
(afford.*

2 Treble. *With Sighs and with Tears,
With Jealousies, griefs, and with fears,
The wretched poor Lover is tost,
For a few moments pleasure his Liberty's lost.*

3 Treble. *How short are those moments, yet how few they
(employ!*

2 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!*

2 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!*

1 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!*

Chorus of three
Trebles to the
Recorder, Or-
gan, and Harpsi-
sals. } *Thus wretched Mankind does suffer below,
And in Heav'n each Godhead to Cupid does
(bow.*

But Love, Love, was ne'r perfect till now.

A Sym.

[A Symphony of soft Musick of all the Instruments.
Then *Jupiter* descends in a Machine with *Cupid*
on one side, and *Psyche* on the other. Then a
Dance of six *Elizian* Princes, gloriously habited.

Mars sings to a
Warlike Move-
ment.

Behold the God, whose mighty pow'r
We all have felt, and all adore;
To him I all my Triumphs owe,
To him my Trophies I must yield:
He makes victorious Monarchs bow,
And from the Conqu'ror gains the Field.

Chorus to Trum-
pets, Kettle-
Drums, Flutes, &
Warlike Musick.

He turns all the horrors of War to Delight,
And were there no Love, no Heroes would
(Fight.

[A Returnello by Martial
Instruments, &c.

Mars.

Honour to Battel spurs them on,
Honour brings Pow'r's, when War is done:
But who would venture Life for Pow'r,
Only to govern dull Mankind?
'Tis Woman, Woman they adore;
For Beauty they those dangers find.

Chorus to War-
like Musick.

No Princes the toils of Ambition would
(prove.

Or Dominion would prize, if it were not for
(Love.

[A Returnello again.
Bacchus.

Bacchus. *The delights of the Bottle, and the charms of*
(good Wine,
To the power and the pleasures of Love must
(resign:
Though the Night in the joys of good Drinking
(be past,
The debauches but till the next Morning will
(last.

Chorus to Ho-
 boys and Rustick
 Musick of Mena-
 des and Ægi-
 panes.

But Loves great debauch is more lasting and
(strong;
For that often lasts a man all his life long.
A Returnello again.

Bacchus. *Love and Wine are the Bonds which fasten us*
all;
The World but for these to confusion would fall:
Were it not for the pleasures of Love and good
(Wine.
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign.

Chorus. *They'd not value dull life, or would live with-*
(out thinking;
Nor would Kings rule the World but for Love
(and good drinking.
A Returnello again.

Apollo. *But to Love! to Love, the great Union they owe*
All in Earth and in Heav'n to his Scepter must
(bow.
A general

A general Cho-
rus of all the
Voices and In-
struments. The
Dancers mingle
with the Singers

All joy to this Celestial Pair,
Who thus, by Heav'n, united are :
'Tis a great thing, worth Heav'n's design,
To make Lov's Pow'r with Beauty's joyn.

[Six Attendants to the *Elizian* Princes
bring in Portico's of Arbors, a-
dorn'd with Festoons and Garlands,
through which the Princes and they
dance; the Attendants still placing
them in several Figures.

Jup. For ever happy in your *Psyche* be,
Who now is crown'd with Immortality ;
On Earth Love never is from troubles free,
But here 'tis on eternal Extasie :
'Mongst all the Joys which Heav'n and Earth can find,
Love's the most glorious object of the mind.

E P I.

EPILOGUE.

WHat e'r the Poet has deserv'd from you,
 Would you the Actors for his faults undo,
 The Painter, Dancer, and Musitian too?
 For you those Men of skill have done their best:
 But we deserve much more then all the rest.
 We have stak'd all we have to treat you here,
 And therefore, Sirs, you should not be severe.
 We in one Vessel have adventur'd all;
 The loss, should we be Shipwrack'd, were not small.
 But if it be decreed that we must fall,
 We fall with honour: Gallants you can tell,
 No foreign Stage can ours in Pomp excell,
 And here none e'r shall treat you halfe so well.
 Poor Players have this day that Splendor shown,
 Which yet but by Great Monarchs has been done.
 Whilst our rich neighbors mock us for't, we know
 Already th' utmost they intend to do.
 Yet all the Fame you give'em we allow,
 To their best Plays, and their best Actors too.

But, Sirs——

Good Plays from Censure here you'll not exempt,
 Yet can like Farces, there below contempt
 Drolls which so coarse, so dull, so bawdy are,
 The dirty Rout would damn'em in a Fair:
 Yet Gentlemen such Stuff will daily see;
 Nay, Ladies too, will in the Boxes be:
 What is become of former modesty?

Yet——

Best Judges will our Ornaments allow,
 Though they the wrong side of the Arras show.
 But oh a long farewell to all this sort
 Of Plays, which this vast Town can not support.
 If you could be content th' expence to bear,
 We would improve and treat you better ev'ry year.

FINIS.

